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Napoleone di Buonaparte.

By Brev. Maj.-Gen. J. Watts de Peyster.

Reprinted from the "College Student," Lancaster, Pa.

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Aged 75 Years.

NAPOLEONE DI BUONAPARTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE REAL NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

☆ J. WATTS DE PEYSTER. ☆

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&c. &c. &c.

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Napoleone di Buonaparte.

"Flagellum Dei."—"Imminentia Peccatorum Flagella."

THE MODERN ATTILA.

"I would not be the villain
For the whole space that's in the Tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot."
—*Shakspere's Macbeth—Title Page.*

QUOTED IN COXE'S "EXPOSÉ, OR NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE UNMASKED," 1809.

"This NAPOLEONE DE BUONAPARTE, who once styled himself *Brutus Buonaparte, citoyen sans culotte!* breathed his first innocent air in Corsica,"* and continued to be nothing more in character but a Corsican to his life's end.

"The dawn of this *great man's* stern and inflexible disposition first displayed itself at Toulon, where he had the appointment of chef-de-brigade, when so much mischief was done to the inhabitants of that city after the British had retreated; and when, under a deceitful proclamation, those who were deemed disaffected or suspected only, were assembled on the Champ de Mars, to the number of 1,500, and there butchered. This exploit he authenticated by his memorable letter to the Deputies who were sent to the different armies by the Convention, when, under the assumed name of BRUTUS BUONAPARTE, he stated that 'upon the field of glory, *his feet inundated with the blood* of traitors, he announced, with a heart beating with joy, that their orders were executed and France revenged; that *neither sex nor age had been* spared; and that those who escaped, or were only mutilated by the discharge of the republican cannon, were dispatched by the swords of liberty and the bayonets of equality.' "*

At page 855, Vol. IV, Dr. Leo gives the original French of this letter or report, which Buonaparte's friends deny, alleging he was an angel of mercy instead of an angel of murder.

Dr. Heinrich Leo, in his Lehrbuch der Universalgeschichte, Vol. IV, 851,* gives the synonyms and meaning of Napoleone—"to become a word of terror to all Europe"—Neapolio, Nepoluccio, tracing it back to the famous old German *Nibelung*, and concludes that this last fitly descended and belonged to a man who was an out-and-out Nibelung, (whether the author means by this a malicious dwarf, a grizzly spectre [Popanz], or a blasting fog, the writer cannot determine), and a Todesdorn—Sting of Death, or Death Inflicter.

*NOTE.—In reverting to the first mode in which Napoleone Buonaparte spelt his name, it is mentioned that that orthography has been adhered to from motives of propriety. Though Buonaparte, when in Egypt, chose to drop the final letter in Napoleone, and discard the second letter of his surname, to familiarize the sounds and render them more closely analagous to the French idiom, he cannot prevent them from sinking wholly into oblivion.—*Coxe's Exposé, p. 20.*

*NOTE.—The reader in following the narrative, it is imagined, will observe, that from this massacre at Toulon, and through the long and frightful round of enormities committed by Buonaparte, or by his command, extending to the massacre at Madrid, one ferocious principle only has actuated his conduct; and thus accustomed to the shedding of human blood, it may, without exaggeration, be said of him that

To this—the Reign of Terror and resulting bloodshed—Buonaparte with his wars of confiscations and extortions was a fit successor.

Whoever may object to such a comparison, unquestionably Attila, the Hun (A. D. 433–453), was a perfect type of BUONAPARTE in every particular, and the student who will study the type and paradigm, will discover how they and their careers complement each other. Both were "Scourges of God"—Attila for about nineteen years; BUONAPARTE for exactly the same space of time, 1796–1815. Nor were their strategy and tactics dissimilar. Victory was purchased with life, not by science.

Whoever is unprejudiced and will study up the statistics of Buonaparte's wars—not in French authorities, for they are too often altogether untrustworthy, but in such compilations as those of von Kausler—the student will find that it was scarcely wonderful that succeeding to the command of the finest classes of experienced officers of every grade, as well as enthusiastic troops, he was so successful at first.

Consuming these without mercy, and acquiring greater and more extensive power, he could sweep in hundreds of thou-

"Direness, familiar to his slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start him!"

Again: Wherever atrocities could be committed, whenever devastation could take place, like the demon of evil, he was ready to direct the storm. In his route to Pavia he set fire to the village of Benasco, *which he owned himself was a horrid sight*, and gave orders to set even the city of Pavia in flames; but the timely appearance of the French garrison, which had been shut up in the castle, prevented that dreadful catastrophe from taking place; for had the blood of a single Frenchman been spilled, he would have erected, he declared, a column, on which should have been inscribed "Here Pavia stood." He demanded of the city two hundred hostages, to be sent to France, and *then calmly ordered the whole municipality to be shot*, as a salutary example, as his dispatches mentioned, for the observation of Italy at large. After the battle of Salo, on the Lake da Guarda—human nature shudders at the bare recital of the deed—he commanded all who, from severe wounds, were deemed unfit for service, to be mingled with the dead, which were to be conveyed away in wagons, and to be then strangled, or suffocated under them, and then thrown into an extensive pit prepared for the purpose and covered with quicklime! Several of these unhappy people, not having life quite extinguished in them, the lime coming in contact with their green wounds, were suddenly roused into an excruciating sense of their situation; and the dreadful screams which were uttered, till the ground was finally closed on their sufferings, so affected the humane rector of Salo that he died from the horror which had seized him on hearing their cries.—*Coxe's Exposé.*

It is mentioned in Adolphus's History of France that so early as the year 1794 the number of French who fell by various means of destruction—on the scaffold, in the waves, and on the field by the hands of their countrymen—is estimated at 900,000; of whom 15,000 were women, 22,000 children; and that more than 20,000 dwellings had been destroyed.—*Coxe's Exposé.*

Since that period [the capture of Toulon and subsequent massacre], and during Buonaparte's career, the destruction of the human species, in battles, sieges, naval combats, executions, military vengeance, massacres, pestilence, and other attendant consequences of twelve additional years of war and devastation in and out of the kingdom, and including the war of extermination in La Vendee and St. Domingo—the calculation of 2,000,000 of lives must be deemed very far within the compass of a fair statement, than an overcharge. The individual who sacrifices his life for the benefit of the many is a character above all praise; but to allow for a single moment that the many are to be sacrificed for the benefit of the few; that is, that the good which may be done in the future, and which can never compensate for the mischief of the past, will justify the means of so attaining that good, is a species of philosophical calculation far beyond the conception of the writer's reasoning faculties. Two centuries of the severest despotism, under the most despotic monarchs France ever knew, would not have produced a hundredth part of the mischief which republican despotism accomplished from the commencement of the French Revolution, even to the year 1794, "covering the world with blood, with tears, and with calamities." When the Bastile was destroyed there were not three persons confined within its walls; but France became afterwards, by her own act, one continued bastile; the Place de Greve was extended over the surface of her soil, and the whole nation became in a manner executioners against one another. —*Coxe's Exposé.*

sands of conscripts each year, but gradually had to rely on levies less and less acclimated to war. Still utterly regardless of sacrificing his best and bravest, and continuing to use up all his accessible forces, the end had to come sooner or later—to lose ground daily from the very exhaustion of the human fuel which he continued to pour relentlessly into the furnace of war. In no period of his career did he win by scientific generalship—Moreau and others declared he ruined the Art of War—but by what in political life would be demagogism, by appeals to the interests and cupidity in every sense of those whom he could not compel to serve his purposes, if the other appeals failed.*

Take for instance those "Infernal Columns," which inflicted such horrible miseries in gleaning the unwilling or refractory when the harvests of conscripts, levied with wicked injustice, had either failed or had been incompletely gathered. Never let it be forgotten, Buonaparte's blackguard and inhuman declaration, which is in no place literally quoted—when Metternich called his attention to the unhappy youth, unfit for military service, who filled his ranks—that "he ——— on the lives of 200,000 men."

In exactly the same sense that Attila was styled the original "Scourge of God," with equal truth Buonaparte may be thus designated the modern Scourge of God.† Their careers lasted about as long and had just about the same termination as that of the great Hun. Attila's invasion of Gaul was about equivalent to Bounaparte's Moscow campaign. Attila was not actually defeated disastrously at Chalons, but the moral effect was the same. His subsequent campaigns were not the successes previously achieved. The Hunnish king did not personally have a Waterloo, but immediately after his death his sons and his Huns did experience such a cataclysm on the Netad—"the great plain between the Drave and the Danube"—where their power was broken forever. Moscow may be said to have been the Chalons of Buonaparte. When the famous French engineer, General Haxo, saw Moscow bursting into flame he said to the Baron Lejeune, "This must lead soon to our having to defend Paris." (Lejeune, 222.) Knox, in his famous "Races of Men," styles Buonaparte's grand army which perished in Russia "an army or horde of disciplined savages." "Holland [purest Anglo-Saxon], too, would have risen," "in their last struggle for liberty" [1848?]; but she remembered the Celtic treachery; the betrayal of the cause of liberty by the French Celt in '92 [how true!]; THE PLUNDER OF EUROPE BY A BODY OF DISCIPLINED SAVAGES under NAPOLEON; so she responded not to the Celt." P. 55. "*The Races of Men*," by Robert Knox, M. D., Corresponding Member of the National Academy of Medicine, &c., London, 1850.

* "He [Buonaparte] understands enough of mankind to dazzle the weak, to dupe the vain, overawe the timid, and to make the wicked his instruments, but beyond all this Buonaparte is grossly and totally ignorant." "Napoleon's Last Voyages," London and Philadelphia, 1895, quoting MIOT'S *Memoirs 'de l' "Expedition en Egypte.*

† NOTE.—FLAGELLUM DEI. As this term has led to erroneous interpretations, it would be wiser to translate it God's Scourge, just as Isaiah styles the Assyrian the rod of His anger and the staff of His indignation.

Do ordinary readers actually imagine what was a FLAGELLUM. It was not only an instrument of terrible punishment, but of absolute torture. It was a scourge, "a dreadful instrument," not with a single lash, but triple and sometimes more. "It was knotted with bones or heavy indented circles of bronze, or terminated by hooks, in which case it was aptly denominated a *scorpion*." It bruised, it tore, it cut and it could eviscerate. It is a term most applicable to Buonaparte. He was a bandit, a robber, a ravisher, a thief, and his brothers, except Louis, in one line or the other, no better than their leader. New York's Tweed might have taken a lesson from Lucien.

If the following anecdotes related by Gen. Baron Lejeune are absolutely true, it will go to prove that Attila's Huns could not have been more barbarous savages—although worse than our Apaches—than some of those under Buonaparte, as related by Lejeune (271–2).

"At Croupi (26th November, 1812), in an inn, assigned as quarters to Marshal Davout, under the thatch, in the manger, three infants were discovered, one hardly more than a year old and the others scarcely more than just born. Their clothes were those of the poor. They were benumbed with cold and remained silent. * * * I begged the Marshal's steward to give them a little soup, if he could make any, and did not occupy myself farther about them. Soon the warmth of the horses' breaths awakened these little creatures and their plaintive cries resounded for a long time throughout the rooms in which we were huddled together. * * * At 2 A. M. we were told that the village was in flames. Our isolated house was the only one intact, and the children still cried ; but at the moment of departure, a little before day, they cried no longer. I asked the steward what he had done for them, and this man, who did not suffer less than we did, assuming the satisfied air of one who believes he had done a good deed answered, 'I could not shut an eye; their cries pierced my heart ; I had no nurse to give them ; then I took an axe; I broke the ice of the watering-place, or drinking trough, and I drowned them to put an end to their suffetings. To what a degree can misfortune debase the human heart."

G. Bertin, in his "Campagne de 1812," a wonderful collection of the testimony of eye witnesses, cites the above.

"For a long time our soldiers were reduced to feeding upon horseflesh. To such a degree had famine and misery brutified them, that these unfortunate creatures did not wait until the animal was dead to cut off the eatable parts. As soon as a horse tottered and fell no attempt was made to get him on his feet again, but immediately the soldiers precipitated themselves upon him to rip open the flank and tear out the liver, which is the least repulsive portion, and even without having taken the trouble to kill him previous to such torture, they seemed, I say, to become irritated at the final efforts which the animal was making to escape from his slaughterers, and they were heard to cry out with fury, while striking the beast, 'Rascal, wretch, can you not then remain quiet.'" (Lejeune, 249–50.)

In a work examined before this article was written, "A complete picture of Napoleon and the French people," from the German, 1806, Buonaparte's army of Italy is compared to "a horde of banditti," and the author adds, "He suffered them to commit ravages and excesses such as even the most barbarous ages since Attila have never been committed against a friendly and a submitting people."

General Baron Lejeune published some time since a volume, entitled "de Valmy à Wagram," and now, in October, 1895, his second volume appeared, " En Prison et en Guerre—a travers l'Europe (1809–1814). In this last above quoted he corroborates in a great many particulars the statement of Colonel Pion des Loches in regard to the Russian campaign, which I translated and which was printed in the *Golden Magazine.*

General Lejeune, brave and able as he proved throughout his military career, which was terminated by the bursting of a shell at Hanau, in 1813, was equally distinguished as a painter of battle-scenes, an art to which he devoted himself after his last wound. In the narration of the events of which he was an eye witness, he was likewise very interesting, although in his, as in Marbot's narratives, the French

always had the best of it in fighting, and their stories always leave their readers wondering how under such circumstances the Allies ever got possession at last of Paris.

This reminds one of the astonishment of the Georgia farmer when Sherman was "picnicking" through his native state. Relieved of all his expletives his remarks about amount to this: "For about four years we-uns have heard nothing but we-uns licking you-uns, and I can't get it through my wool how you-uns, after being so tarnation badly whipped, are down here, camped on my farm, killin' my hogs, eatin' my bacon, swillin' my sorghum, diggin' up my sweet petaters and burnin' my fence rails."

These visible and sensible facts constituted an aggregated *argumentum ad hominem* to which all his Southern bragging could find neither explanation nor contradiction nor excuse.

Two phases in the career of Buonaparte have been dwelt upon with more admiration on the part of his friends and more astonishment and disgust on the part of philosophers and opponents than the servile adulation paid to the Corsican upstart by the oldest nobility and monarchs of Continental Europe. The assemblages at Tilsit in 1807, at Urfurt in 1809, and at Dresden in 1812, were simply repetitions of "the crowd of vulgar kings, besides sagacious and virtuous sovereigns, which bowed before the throne of Attila, ranged in submissive order, watching his nod, trembling at his frown, and obedient without hesitation." (Gibbon, iii, 392.) Among these kings there were sovereigns who were equal at that period in dignity to the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, and King of Prussia. If Buonaparte did not slay his own brother, as Attila is charged with having done, he certainly murdered the Duke d'Enghien, a prince as exalted in character, race and position with Bleda. Moreover, if the Emperor of Austria gave his best beloved child to that same upstart, who had repudiated his lawful wife without a legal divorce, Honoria, the sister of the Emperor Valentinian, was willing to deliver her person into the arms of a barbarian, of whose language she was ignorant—Marie Louise understood French imperfectly—whose religion and manners she abhorred.

Attila was a predestinarian and Napoleon was a believer in Fate, or such other term as may be applied to the doctrine of "What must be, will be." This doctrine, which is the only explanation of the operation and effects of Unchangeable, Inflexible and Inexorable Law, can alone account for the rise, progress and fall of such exceptional characters or prodigies of combined capacity and crime as Buonaparte, and this law is as certain as those laws which regulate the eccentric circuits of comets not always possible to be foreseen and calculated, but still regulated by the same decree which governs the certain orbits of the planets. Napoleon declared that he appeared out of time, because the world was no longer adapted to the full development of a man of his character; but the fact is, at no time, except the period in which he appeared, could he have so risen and so thriven. It was as necessary for him to succeed the Reign of Terror, because, to use the homely adage, "set a thief to catch a thief," none but a criminal of his calibre could have grappled with such a seething and surging condition of crime. No mortal actuated by virtue could have controlled the millions steeped in vice and totally regardless of the controlling interests of religion, principle, or morality, with such exponents and examples as Barras, Fouche, Talleyrand, and hundreds of others, who soon became the supporters, advisers and executives of Buonaparte. Even those who still possessed or professed a deference to virtue were soon converted by interest into subservient instruments or will-less

flatterers. Yea, even those considered the best of the crowd will not bear close scrutiny, for Caulincourt, in the eyes of the true and honest, cannot cleanse his vesture of the stain of his connection with that most atrocious crime, the murder of the Duke d'Enghien and Duroc, however notable as faithful and devoted to his master, is charged with having known no conscience but that master's will. Even Macdonald, generally accepted as immaculate, was published by the German (Arndt, 93) as "having stolen and plundered like a common *Knecht*," and the General Intendant, Dumas, "believed by many Germans as one inspired by a nobler soul was stained by many traces of his associates."

Charras, in his "1813" (17), testifies Buonaparte "used his victory over Prussia without generosity, without justice, without pity." Attila, barbarian as he was, who flourished in the Dark Ages, exhibited more generosity and magnanimity than the modern Attila, born at the period of the Encyclopædists and the light of the rising sun of mercy even to the speechless animals.

The coincidences between Buonaparte and Attila are not confined to the duration and destructions of their careers. They resembled each other in size; both were men of low stature, with full chests and short legs; also in demeanor. Just as Attila had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired, Buonaparte got up fits of simulated rage for the same purpose. Both knew that success "must depend on a degree of skill with which the passions of the multitude were combined and guided for the service of a single man."

As an instance of this perception of the influence of superstition, Gibbon tells us (iii, 390):

"One of the shepherds of the Huns perceived that a heifer, who was grazing, had wounded herself in the foot, and curiously followed the track of the blood till he discovered, among the long grass, the point of an ancient sword, which he dug out of the ground and presented to Attila. That magnanimous, or rather that artful, prince accepted, with pious gratitude, this celestial favor; and so the rightful possessor of the *Sword of Mars* asserted his divine and indefeasible claim to the dominion of the earth."

Just as the great Hun made the most of this simple superstition, Buonaparte resorted to similar discoveries, or rather inventions, to stimulate the confidence and enthusiasm of the French, as volatile and vain as those barbarians.

During the period when Buonaparte was menacing England he visited Boulogne, and omens were resorted to for exciting and keeping up the enthusiasm of the troops. When the earth was removed to drain it or prepare it for Buonaparte's tent, it was pretended that a Roman battle-axe was found, which was converted into a portent of the success of the pending expedition, designed to rival that of Cæsar into Britain. Medals of William the Conqueror were also produced as having been dug up upon the same spot. What was this find but a type of the Normans' conquest and a victory more glorious than that of Hastings? (Scott, iv, 297–298.)

It is very difficult to believe that a rusted sword, found by accident, should be adopted, even by barbarian people, as a symbol of the deity; but how much more, that within the century a people considered as highly enlightened should desire to build a temple to a living man and *consecrate his* SWORD. Nevertheless the words of the high authority who makes the statement which follows, clinches the parallel set forth between Buonaparte and Attila. P. Bondois, Professor of History in the Lyceum Buffon, and also Moliere, in his "Napoleon and Society in His Time" (1793–1821),

Paris, 1895, Chapter VII, "Vassal Europe," Page 187, reads thus :

"Among the official corps the Napoleonic enthusiasm approached delirium, after the peace of Presburg. The Tribunate proposed to reëstablish in his favor the ancient triumph, *to raise a temple to him* in Paris, TO CONSECRATE THE SWORD WHICH HE WORE AT AUSTERLITZ."

"No wonder (188) Napoleon intoxicated himself with the incense lavished upon him and commenced to take his divinity into serious consideration ; he was very near passing himself off for God, not after his death, but while yet alive."

(189) "A Saint Napoleon was imagined, whose festival was confounded with that of the Virgin Mary on the 15th August," and "next to the Persons of the Sacred Trinity (161) the name of the Emperor was introduced," evidences to what a pitch he had reached in his desire to interpret religious texts."

——"this man
Is now become a god—
—whose bend doth awe the world."

He was also ever with a folly, which justifies Michelet in asserting that "there were moments when Napoleon was insane," uttering boasts and publishing predictions which events stultified. Thus, when he went to Spain in 1808, he declared that he would drive the Leopards, as he styled the Lion Emblems of England, into the sea, and he left the work undone and quitted the Peninsula with a speed as extraordinarily rapid as unaccountable, unless he dreaded the effects of Spanish vengeance, such as that from which, at a later date, his brother Joseph had a narrow escape.

Previous to his contemplated Invasion of England, he had a medal struck, in assured anticipation of occupying London, bearing triumphant effigies and a legend purporting that it had been minted in the British capital. When his plan failed he had the die destroyed, but exemplars have been preserved and it appeared among the medals of his reign, of that date. In the same way, in his carriage captured at Waterloo, feeling assured of victory, there were captured large packages of a proclamation, dated at the Royal Palace of Lacken, falsely dated and located, as if the French were in possession of the capital, Brussels. Before entering Russia, in 1812, he issued a manifesto, predicting the certain conquest of that country and humiliation of the Czar. The world knows how the verdict was terribly reversed. On quitting Moscow, 1812, with equal presumption he declared woe to the Russians if they attempted to cross his path. They did cross it and his army perished, and had it not been for the enormous reinforcements brought up to his rescue on the Berezina, he and his remnants would have been captured. As it was, 50,000 lives were sacrificed to get him and his suite in safety over that river, and almost as many more perished miserably, with the only result of enabling him to effect his his own flight in safety back to the Rhine.

In 1814, after ephemeral successes, he declared he was nearer to Munich than the Allies were to Paris ; and, again, "if I gain a battle, as I am sure to do"—when every battle was occasioning greater actual losses, and enormously and greater irreparable losses than those sustained by the Allies—"I shall be master and exact better conditions. * * * The tomb of the Russians is marked out under the walls of Paris ! My measures are all taken and victory cannot fail me."

Within two months he was on his way to Elba.

One question ! It is supposable that Attila, with what is known of him, would have offered up his capital in which he had been collecting the spoils and the trophies of his whole career, as an incentive to his troops to assail that capital solely for his

own personal advantage. Would not the bold Hun have manœuvred to obtain a battle-field whence, if victorious, he could have turned to reoccupy the capital with all its riches preserved, or else himself have perished in the attempt, as he was willing and ready to do if he could not have retreated from Chalons to recuperate his strength and renew the "Trial of Battle."

In spite of his tremendous losses in Gaul, now France—A. D. 451, corresponding in a measure to Buonaparte's reverses of 1812, the next year, A. D. 452, Attila was sufficiently formidable to invade Italy and threaten Rome. This corresponds to Napoleon's reappearance in Germany in 1813. A. D. 453, Attila died. In 1814 Napoleon abdicated. On the Netad, A. D. 454, on the Second Hunnenschlacht, occurred the Waterloo of the Hunnish power. Buonaparte's first was Leipsic; his second, La Belle Alliance, miscalled Waterloo.

There Ellac, the eldest son of Attila—battle and results representing Buonaparte's utter overthrow in 1815—lost his life and crown and 30,000 Huns their lives, just about the number of French who actually perished in the Belgian campaign of four days. Similar parallelisms might be added, but sufficient have been adduced, at this time, to manifest the truth of the simile between the Corsican and the Hun.

II.

DON JUAN, xi, 85.

"I've seen the people ridden o'er like sand
By slaves on horseback." —*Byron.*

"Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will back
Against the same given quantity of rhyme,
For being as much the subject of attack
As ever yet was any work sublime,
By those who love to say that WHITE IS BLACK.
So much the better! I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for a throne."
—*Byron.*

MENS REGNUM BONA POSSIDIT. —*Seneca.*

My mind to me an empire is
While grace affordeth health. —*Southwell.*

Bourrienne (Scribner's iii, 311), who knew him so well, presents the following striking exposition or analysis of Buonaparte's negative and positive qualities.

(This is quoted from the edition of Col. R. W. Phipps, late Royal Artillery, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1889, but the reader is kindly requested to compare this translation with that of John S. Memes's, Edinburgh, 1831, given herewith as a note.*)

"Bonaparte's character presents many unaccountable incongruities. Although the most *positive* man that perhaps ever existed, yet there never was one who more readily yielded to the charm of *illusion.* In many circumstances the WISH and the

*The character of Bonaparte presents the most inexplicable contrasts; though the most obstinate of mortals, no man ever more easily allowed himself to be led away by the charm of illusions; *in many respects, to desire and to believe were with him one and the same act.* And never had he been more under the empire of illusion than during the early part of the campaign of Moscow. The easy progress of his troops, the burning of towns and villages on their approach, ought to have prepared him for a Parthian warfare, where retreat, drawing him into the heart of the country, was only preparatory to rendering the advance more fearful. All wise men, too, before those disasters which marked the most terrible of retreats recorded in history, were unanimous as to the propriety of spending the winter of 1812–13 in Poland—there to establish, though only provisionally, a grand nursery for the mighty enterprise of the following spring. But the illusions of an impatient ambition urged him on, and his ear was deaf to every other sound save "Forward!" Another illusion, justified perhaps by the past, was the belief that Alexander, the moment that he should behold the van of the French columns on the Russian territory, would propose conditions of peace. At length the burning of Moscow revealed to Napoleon that it was a war to the death; and he that had been hitherto accustomed to receive propositions from vanquished enemies, now for the first time found his own rejected.—"*Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, from the French of M. Fauvelet de Bourrienne,* by John S. Memes, LL. D., Vol. IV, pp. 94–5, Edinburgh, 1831.

REALITY were to him ONE AND THE SAME THING. He never *indulged in greater illusions than at the beginning of the campaign of Moscow.* Even before the approach of the disasters which accompanied the most fatal retreat recorded in history, all sensible persons concurred in the opinion that the Emperor ought to have passed the winter of 1812–13 in Poland, and have resumed his vast enterprises in the spring. But his natural impatience impelled him forward, as it were, unconsciously, and *he seemed to be under the influence of an invisible* [evil] *demon* [like the good daemon of Socrates] *stronger than even his own strong will.* This DEMON was AMBITION. *He who knew so well the* VALUE *of* TIME never sufficiently understood its POWER, and *how much is sometimes gained* by delay? Yet Cæsar's Commentaries, which were his favorite study, ought to have shown him that Cæsar did not conquer Gaul in one campaign."

Dr. Dendy, in his "Philosophy of Mystery," Harper's Edition, 1847, 305–6, remarks, "There is a somewhat remote analogy to this [the effects of somnambulism] in the want of balance in the judgment and volition of ambitious minds. In the campaign of Russia, Napoleon's march was a sort of somnambulism, for he must have been madly excited to have taken action against his better judgment." In other words the question presents itself whether he was not partially insane. Michelet avers that, at times, he was so. After his divorce from Josephine and his marriage with Marie Louise, he completely changed his habits of life, and, from comparative abstention, became luxurious and sensuous as well as sensual. For nearly two years he did not take the field, and he undertook the Russian campaign as monarchs with less power would get up a grand hunt. Deny it who may his health had deteriorated. In 1805 he had fixed the date 1812 when the bow would lose its elasticity. Besides being actually ill at times, as at Borodino, on the march to Moscow, he suffered terribly from the heat. His body-servant Constant attests this. On the retreat or flight the exceeding cold in turn may have affected his brain. That excessive protracted cold does affect the mind is a well-known medical fact and has been the subject of investigation and scientific treatises aroused by the conditions observed during this very expedition. Again, eminent writers, especially Michelet, have come to the conclusion that unlimited and irresponsible power in a very short time produces or develops into insanity, of which the most marked peculiarity is a total disregard of human life and suffering, as in the case of the Roman Cæsars and of the Popes prior to the Reformation. Moreover, what makes this judgment the more applicable to Napoleon is the fact that even as Buonaparte had attracted so many flatterers, venal-advocates of whom a very few adhered to him at the last and shared his captivity,—Nero, the worst of the Cæsars, was found capable of inspiring attachment, and his reappearance was joyously expected; and, marvelous to state, he has suscitated advocates and excusers. The same is the case with Alexander Borgia, the worst of the Popes. He has kindled biographers who have striven to show that he has been maligned and that he was even a wise and just ruler. Judas Iscariot has likewise recently roused an advocate, a legal light, who attempted to argue that his betrayal of his Master was not attributable to criminal but to comparatively innocent and mitigating motives. Finally, it is conceded that Buonaparte was subject to epilepsy, and that disease indubitably either temporaneously or permanently affects the reason. The mortal who could declare, as Buonaparte did, that he was above all law and that no law was applicable to one in his

position, could not have been in the possession of even an ordinarily well-balanced mind. A judgment affected to such a degree amounted to an aberration of intellect.

Consequently it is no more than just to fall back upon an idea which is as old as philosophy rendered by Dryden:

> Great evils are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

And by Pope:

> What thin partitions sense from thought divide.

Does it not seem absolutely ridiculous to argue that Buonaparte had the slightest abhorrence of bloodshed or torture in one shape or another or in degree when he shot and permitted the infliction of torture; when his troops could resort to the most atrocious modes of punishment, even empalement, as in Calabria; when he considered an uprising of the oppressed as a favorable opportunity to teach a lesson against resistance to oppression by liberal blood-letting; and could issue such orders as that of 5th of March, 1813, as Charras records in his "War of 1813" (413), to the Viceroy Eugene Beauharnais to employ "if necessary terror and devastation" upon the slightest insult of a city or a "Prussian village." Buonaparte wrote to Eugene with a veritable demoniac ferocity: "Burn it, even if it should be Berlin." Baron Odeleben, i, 292, records a ferocity even more atrocious than this when, in 1813, Napoleon was compelled to evacuate Saxony, the country of an ally who had stuck to him to the last. "He ordered his subordinates to carry off with them all the cattle, to burn the woods, to destroy the fruit trees and everything else which could afford nourishment, so that the portion of Saxony on the right or east side of the Elbe should become a frightful desert." To sum up, to such an extent was meanly insane destruction carried on in Russia that the troops in advance destroyed the buildings which had escaped destruction and which might have served as shelters for the troops covering the retreat. Was there ever a more contemptible exhibition of pure malice than blowing up the bastions of Vienna when evacuating that city in 1809, and blowing up the palace of the Czars, the Kremlin, when compelled to abandon Moscow in 1812? Such spite very much resembles the action of a child which beats its own head against the floor when it cannot injure the object of its anger.

Laying hands or obtaining or examining every accessible work on the Corsican or Italian, NAPOLEONE DI BUONAPARTE, closer and closer examination seems simply to prove that he was one of the most overestimated of men, who have become so prominent in history, and one of God's scourges to chastise mortals. He was a compound of elements, in which the vile and criminal so greatly predominated that virtues which might have maintained their equipoise and influence if existing in no greater degree in ordinary men than in him, became transmuted into vices through the predominance of the evil and energy in his case.

"No one," says Dr. Johnson, "ever rose from an ordinary situation in life to high destinies without great and commanding qualities in his mind being blended with meannesses which would be inconceivable in private life." Napoleon was a remarkable example of this singular but just observation. He made it an invariable rule never to admit he had judged wrong in anything, and, with whatever injustice, to lay the blame of every disaster which occurred on others, rather than bear the blame of any part of it himself.*

What is more, he had no hesitation in declaring that he was above the application

*Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, from the original papers of the family by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart, D. C. L., LL. D., etc., Vol. II, pp. 45-6, Edinburgh and London, 1861.

or operation of all law; that the laws of morals were not applicable to him; that his will was the sole law by which he ruled, by which he was to be governed, and the catechism which was taught—by his imperial and despotic command—throughout the Empire, is the best proof that he considered himself so far above humanity as actually to claim to be divine, if the term *demi-god*, as Ireland states, was actually applied by him to himself. At all events he accepted and even demanded an adulation which was utterly blasphemous, and if he dispensed rewards and riches with a lavish hand it was simply because he had such a contempt for his fellow-beings that, destitute of virtue, as Thiers admits, he believed that his human beings, his fellows, were so destitute of virtue themselves that every one of both sexes, person and performance, devotion, body and soul, could only be purchased, and kept up to their duty by farther payments.*

Two sayings are attributed to Bismarck, which have become proverbial: One, "BLOOD AND IRON," as the *sine qua non* of Victory; and the other, that "great changes in human affairs and steps in progress are, like childbirth, accompanied by torture and hemorrhage, sufferings inexpressible and profuse shedding of blood." These expressions are eminently true, but they were not original with Bismarck. The ideas are to be found in German works, if not in the very same words, at the time when the TUGEND BUND (*Bond, League or Knot of Virtue*) was preparing the public mind, especially the youth of Prussia, for the great struggle of 1813, which liberated Germany and chased Buonaparte and his French back across the Rhine, and eventually carried the Allies into Paris and dethroned Napoleon in 1814; and, again, in 1815, brought the Prussians, under BLUCHER, and the Anglo-Allies, under Wellington, on the wings of victory into Paris, shattered the hopes and rule of Buonaparte and consigned him to his island prison and to the grave.

When Christ came, welcomed by the angelic anthem, "Peace on earth and to men of good-will," or, "to men in whom He is well pleased," which last is alleged to be the correct version of St. Luke's words, the Roman Emperor exercised dominion over all that might be considered the more or less civilized earth, SUBJECT TO LAW. What was the condition of all beyond, of that is very little known or understood. Clouds and tokens were thickening towards the north, where the Goths or Germans (*Theotiscans*), imperfectly described by Tacitus, were beginning to imagine and perhaps plan those successive inroads or invasions which ended in blotting out the Western Empire; while the Parthians, succeeded by the Saracens and these by the Tartars, and those again by the Turks, followed each other in surges of "blood and iron and fire," until the Crescent supplanted the cross over the whole Eastern Empire, which had more gallantly resisted their progress than the original Imperial City had been able to do.

*Chapters i and ii of Eyre Evans Crowe's "History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X," London, 1854, present the clearest explanation of the circumstances which constitute the steps by which Buonaparte obtained his despotic elevation and maintained himself there; also the basis of his success and the causes of his fall. There are ample corroborations of the worst which has been alleged against Napoleon in contemporary records, which either have never been published, or, if in print, have been long since swallowed up in vast libraries and forgotten. In the "*Carnets* of Gen. KLEBER," which are preserved in MSS. among the archives of the French Minister of War, that general noted that "*Napoleon was not loved, because he loved nobody, believing that he could supply the want of love by advancement and by gifts.* To sum up, he bribed until he had power, and then he used force to maintain himself therein. He himself was wont to boast that if any of his absolutely necessary instruments were seeking to escape or breaking through the toils, he always knew how to recapture him by bribes and lavish rewards.

West and east, and south in Africa, a higher or lower civilization was actually overwhelmed by tide waves of "blood and iron." Countries like the northern coast of Africa, which were the granaries of Rome, became deserts overspread with mighty ruins. Then came the DARK AGES. But dark as they were after Attila's grave was lost to human ken and Alaric's place of sepulture irrecoverably concealed beneath the waters of the Bucentinus, there was no conqueror arose in Europe to occasion such tremendous losses of life and such sacrifices to the pride and ambition of an upstart, until Corsica vomited forth Buonaparte, his family and his satellites, to plunge all Europe in promiscuous tortures, devastations, sacrifices and slaughter. Between Attila and Buonaparte there had been wars and continual wars, but none, not even the remotest expeditions of Charlemagne, embraced areas so wide apart as woe and waste were carried or sent by Buonaparte. Yes, into regions utterly unknown to Karl der Grosse — whom Buonaparte ridiculously aped—and to his successors and to Europe for over nine hundred years. To the north, Buonaparte carried fire and sword to the sea. That he could not cross—it was the dominion of Great Britain, against which his impotent efforts were shattered. To the east, to Moscow, at once the ancient and holy capital of Russia, with a climate which, in the wrath of God, as expressed in the Psalms, froze that giant force with which he calculated to complete the conquest of Europe, and thence carry fire and sword and oppression into Turkey, Persia and India. To the southeast, his deluded battalions subjected Egypt and attempted the subjugation of Syria, which was to serve as the threshold for steps with which to cross and whereon to rise to that Oriental tiara and scepter wherewith the apostate Romanist was to revolutionize Europe from the east. Arrested again by Great Britian, the saviour of Europe, through Aboukir and at Acre, he abandoned his deluded troops and fled into the willing arms of that nation of which Arndt declared "wind [vanity] is the element of the French, water and foam his nature." Not content with crushing free thought and independence in Europe and Asia, he could not leave the poor Africans in the West Indies to develop under a native leader, Toussiant l'Ouverture, fully as able as himself in his comparative sphere: and there, in his vain endeavor to reverse the liberty accorded by French Liberals, fighting against tropical heat, climate and climatic diseases—as in Russia ten years afterward against cold and space*—that is against the Almighty, assisted by His human instruments, Great Britain's fleets—he sacrificed to the west the finest, most honest, most republican army which France ever possessed, an army which, under Hoche, Moreau, and subordinates like St. Cyr, had achieved such triumphs for the true glory of France.

Buonaparte, like a cyclone, an earthquake, an eruption, like that of Krackatoa, felt around the earth ball, "the Black Death" or the cholera, or any other cataclysm, was an instrument to work out God's purposes in a way incomprehensible to mortals. Why good should be evolved through evil is THE great question, but, it is certain, victory does not depend on an ideal Napoleon, nor a perfect army, but on the Lord of Hosts and God of Battles. The connection between the

*SPACE.—Montalembert (according to Senior ii, 165–6) has extracted from Lacordaire's *Conferences de Notre Dame* a wonderful passage on the power of Space. The following is a translation, but it cannot convey the concrete eloquence of the original:

"For years the last of the "Great Captains" had subjected Fortune to his Will. The Alps and the Pyrenees had trembled beneath his tread. Europe in silence listened to the reverberation of his thought. When tired of this domain, wherever glory had exhausted all its resources to satisfy him, he precipitated himself even to the boundaries of Asia. Then his glance be-

visible and invisible is beyond human comprehension, but it exists and influences everything. When progress halts, the Supreme or the Day of Vengeance arrives. As Isaiah declared, "the Lord shall hiss for the fly * * * of Egypt, and for the bee * * * of Assyria, and shave with a razor that is hired, namely, * * * by the King of Assyria."

Even as Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord, of men and beasts—not in the dawn of the world, as hitherto supposed, but in the dimmer misty twilight of history—so Bonaparte—"the torturer of nations," pre-ordained by Heaven to fill that part—ravaged, ruined, slaughtered and strewed the earth with seeds of evil from which the All Wise caused to grow and produced harvests of progress and ultimate good. Incomprehensible the WHY. Humanity can only perceive results.

It was almost impossible for an individual who has not had access to books which do not constitute popular reading to imagine the condition of France at the outbreak of the French Revolution. Not only the nobility, but the priesthood were steeped in immorality, and the treatment of the peasantry and poor was worse than would now be permitted to domestic animals. When the French officers and troops returned from America, in 1782, they set their nation aflame. Why the Almighty permitted the explosion which ensued and the rise of the scum to the surface and to rule, is incomprehensible to a reflecting mind. The seething of the cauldron indeed brought the scum to the surface, and out of that scum was evolved Buonaparte. That violent diseases require violent remedies, and horrible accidents, heroic treatment, is also true. Perhaps as the Supreme Ruler works by Law, it was necessary for such a wretch as Buonaparte, with his abilities and his abominations, to grasp the wand which alone could bring order out of chaos. With all his ability he was the greatest actor who ever trod a public stage. Mendacious and mean, deceitful and desperate, a charlatan and a quack, with some knowledge of the necessary remedies, he just suited the times when crime and not morality, blood-letting and force not justice and equity and mercy, were the only measures capable of disciplining a people gone mad. There were generous elements at work ; there were honest men, like Hoche and Moreau, striving to knead the dough. Alas, they were too much governed with rectitude, they were too weak in their generosity to handle the mass. The instruments which were needed were not men like Washington, but immoralities, like Rousseau, specious miscreants ; one now blatherskiting through the country might be cited as a co-disciple.

Buonaparte has been aptly styled the "Torturer of Nations." Eccelino da Romano, no greater tyrant for his times, was a gentleman to him, for if he was cruel and despotic he died like a hero, tearing the bandages off of his wounds received in

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came troubled and his eagles turned their heads for the first time. What had he then encountered? Was it a general more able than himself? No! An army which had not yet been conquered? No! Or was it that age had already chilled his genius? No! What then had he met? He had encountered the Protector of the Weak, the Asylum of oppressed peoples, the Great Defender of human liberties; HE HAD ENCOUNTERED SPACE, and all his power failed beneath his feet.

For if God has created such barriers in the bosom of nature it is because He has pity upon us. He knew all that which violent unity concentrates of despotism and of misfortune for the human race and He has prepared for us unattainable retreats in the mountains and the deserts. O, inaccessible mountains, eternal snows, burning sands, pestiferous marshes, destructive climates, to you we return thanks for the past and in you we hope in the future. Yes, you will preserve for us free oases, hidden paths; you will not permit chemistry to prevail against nature; and to make of the globe, so wisely moulded by the Hand of God, a horrible area and a close dungeon [one from which there is no escape], where fire and sword will be the chief officers of a pitiless autocracy."

battle, and refusing to live out his days and die in captivity.

Buonaparte was not always successful as represented. His vaunted campaign of 1796 was nothing as fine as that of Prince Eugene in 1706. He was not always uniformly victorious, like Marlborough or like Wellington. He was not indomitable, like Blucher. He extricated himself, as in 1797, by cunning and lies through the miserable weakness of Austria, bribing that untrustworthy government, always, as Shakspere describes it, "thou ever stronger on the strongest side." He failed in Syria and he fled from Egypt. He was beaten at Marengo and saved there by Desaix, Marmont and Kellerman, and on the Danube by Moreau. His threatened invasion of England was a *fiasco*. The success of his famous campaign of Austerlitz was due to a miserable creature, Mack, whose very name signifies "disaster," and again by the weak back of Austria, when in reality Buonaparte was in a terrible predicament. The victorious campaign of Jena again, was due to the unutterable weakness and inefficiency of the Prussian leaders. Fear of assassination cut short his campaign in Spain, a country to which he never dared to return. The result of his campaign of Wagram was again attributable to Austria's weak knees. He left the field of Aspern in a skiff, as he left Russia in a sleigh. He abandoned his army in Russia, as he abandoned his army after Leipsic, as he abdicated in 1814. Rogniat and Jomini charge him with want of TRUE courage at Leipsic. He was certainly wanting to the situation after Waterloo. To deny him the ordinary courage of a professional soldier is a falsehood; to credit him with the courage of a Blucher or a thousand other generals is equally a falsehood. As Arndt (64) declares, "with him everybody, everything was to be sacrificed for him, the Great Emperor, and he, the Emperor, was to make no sacrifice for anything or anybody."

Undiscoverable are the ways of the Lord, and no mortal may judge or attempt to understand them. That such a creature as Buonaparte should have had such a career of success proves that he was the only *such* an one fitted for a scourge of the times. It is horrible to contemplate the necessity of a Buonaparte or a condition of things requiring the reappearance of a Hun, like Attila.

It was not only in his expenditure of French life and the infernal outrages against humanity throughout Europe and elsewhere, by which his opportunities were obtained, but by the other devilish measures by which—even by forcibly marrying heiresses to subordinates, military and civil —that Buonaparte demoralized France. As an instance of this, it is mentioned in the Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (born Canning), by his biographer, that when Buonaparte returned from Elba, in 1815, "at Lyon, amid massacre and popular violence," "the Black Flag [was] hoisted and the most impious mottoes stuck about the town,"—for instance, "Hurrah for Hell, the Republic, and Death!" [? Meaning the return of the Robespierrian "Reign of Terror." There was something like it, termed the "White Terror," in the south of France in 1814.]

The terrible condition of Europe brought about by the satanic cunning and Attila application of numbers, of that Man of Sin, through his artful separation of allies by defamation and false pretences, fraud and force, by "the great art of the modern Machiavelli," could alone hope for a happy change through the direct interposition of the Lord of Hosts, which came in 1812, by His frost and ice and snow.

Previous to that, as spoken by Lord Grenville, "This [the condition of Europe under Buonaparte, 1800–1812] is the true omnipotence of Hell, which Dante in the spirit of prophecy paints so sublimely." (Napoleon and the French people, 165). Examine Dante.

Buonaparte's rule in Germany was styled "Hell," in 1813, and here in France a like return was frantically invoked.

Strange to say, Buonaparte was so aware of his unpopularity in Paris that when he fled home from Russia he entered his capital in the night, so again in 1813—he did not enter it in 1814,—and so in 1815. Michelet, in his "Jusqu' a Waterloo," 239, says, "Buonaparte had more fear of Paris than of the whole world besides." It is a curious coincidence that in the last year, arriving from Elba, he entered his capital by the *Porte d'Enfer* (Gate of Hell), and from what subsequently occurred it was significant. What is more curious, when the corpse of Talleyrand — Buonaparte's arch-manipulator and ultimate Achitophel —left Paris on the way to its last resting-place, the postillion as usual asked by what route he was to drive, and the answer was "Porte d'Enfer."

If Mr. J. K. Bangs is right that Napoleon now reigns in Hell and the expelled Devil in Paris, what more appropriate than that city should maintain for one of its entrances the appellation "Gate of Hell," for if ever there was a city fit for the capital of Satan it has been and is Paris, and within a few years there was a statement published with an account of a Meeting of of Disciples, showing that its population comprised among others a Society for the Worship of the Devil.

The world has been filled, now, for nearly a century, with the renown accorded to Buonaparte for his Code Napoleon, with which he had but little to do except to make it subserve his own illegal purposes. Among other examples of this was its application to divorce, as if he was looking forward to his own and other cases in his family. But even, as Shakspere declared, that Providence often converts our pleasant vices into scourges, Buonaparte in affixing his signature to his act of separation from Josephine, signed the decree of his own fall. There is no question but that Buonaparte owed his first real rise to receiving the hand of Josephine and with it the command of the Army of Italy, and she plaintively but prophetically reminded him when about to repudiate her, "*Remember, Napoleon, the crown was foretold to* ME *and* NOT *to you*;" and that crown, she was the means of his attaining, was undoubtedly lost by his bigamy with Marie Louise, who was no more his legitimate wife in spite of the concurrence of servile prelates and slavish officials than criminal espousals, which have sent hundreds upon hundreds into state prisons. Moreover, when Malet came near getting possession of Paris in 1812 and overthrowing the imperial rule there, and declared Buonaparte's son a *foundling*, born in unlawful wedlock, certainly his ideas were in accord with those of Pope Pius VII. In the eyes of the law the son which Maria Louisa bore to Buonaparte was as illegitimate as the son she bore to General Count Neipperg before Buonaparte was dead in St. Helena.

Buonapartists claim that all the ameliorations and improvements in the condition of the different nations of Europe are attributable to Napoleon.* They were due to the

*NOTE. TURGOT *the Statesman*.—"To-day the world reads and talks about Napoleon and pays homage to his genius as a military leader and statesman, even while condemning his cruel sacrifice of human life upon the altar of personal ambition. But the day will come when it will be *recognized* by the world at large, *as it is to-day by the unprejudiced student of history, that a greater than Napoleon* held the fortunes of France in his hands for a brief period in the last half of the XVIII Century, and that, with far less opportunity and freedom of action, TURGOT in reality planned and carried out as great reforms as did Napoleon, and demonstrated that he possessed even *greater genius than* NAPOLEON for political administration. True, Turgot's reforms were swept away when he was driven from office, and France fell back into the slough from which he was successfully extricating her. But that does not alter the facts as they were at that time, when Turgot's remarkable public career was cut short by the refusal of Louis XVI longer to support him."

progress of the age, to the Revolution in America, to the seed obtained there and carried back to France by the French contingent permitted to be sent out by Louis XVI, for which he paid with his head. The seed planted in France, fructified with bloody fertilizers during the French Revolution, was carried forth with deceitful hands and sown broadcast by Revolutionary armies for their own wicked ends, not for the prosperity of those among whom it was sown. Stein, who brought to the birth the renovation of Prussia and his coadjutors in the great work, owed nothing whatever to the conceptions or suggestions of Buonaparte; so much so that Stein and those coöperating with him were driven out of Germany by the orders of Buonaparte, and, in exile, propagated the ideas which in 1813 bore ample fruit for their persecutor's destruction.

III.

"A LIE should be trampled on and extinguished wherever found. I am for fumigating the atmosphere when I suspect that falsehood, like pestilence, breathes around me." —*Carlyle.*

"'*The old man is right,*' said Dame Hædwig [Duchess of Suabia], when Ekkehard reported to her the result of his mission. 'When the enemy threatens—prepare, and when he attacks us—beat him; that is so simple that one hardly need ask any one's advice. *I verily believe that the habit of too much reflection and hesitation has been sown in Germany by the hands of the enemy.* HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST, *and he who misses the right moment for action often digs his own grave.* WE WILL GET READY.'" Chapter xii, page 219, Vol. I, "EKKEHARD; A Tale of the Tenth Century." By Joseph Victor von Scheffel. Translated from the German. New York, 1890.

I have written a great many things in my day which I regret. They were founded on Faith in older men. Historical criticism in its true meaning did not arise as a rule, only sporadically, until within 30, certainly not more than 50, years. Gradually I grew, and grew into seeing for myself, and gradually I became an Agnostic, not in the objectionable signification of an often too unreflectingly and falsely applied term, but in the sense of Montaigne, "*Que sais je.*" Then I examined everything for myself, and now, what I write is founded on what are considered bed-rock authorities, personal observation of human nature, reflection, comparison and individual judgment.

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Napoleon, Joseph Charles Paul—known under the name of Prince Napoleon and also the soubriquet of Plon Plon—wrote in 1888 a book entitled "Napoleon and His Detractors," which was translated and edited by Raphael Ledos de Beaufort, London, 1888. The labors of the author of the Biographical Sketch are simply an imitation of the panegyrists of "Napolione di Buonaparte," such as those that his hero recites, as the best expositors of the character of his uncle (152), Thiers, Norvins, Laurent de l'Ardeche, Armand Carrel, Beranger, Pierre Leroux, likewise the republican Vaulabelle, the author of a history which is a real monument for the years of 1814 and 1815.

In one respect Professor Sloane is most

In his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," London, 1828, W. H. Ireland, Esq., Vol. IV, p. 269, would seem to be jocose, when, amid the many falsifications he deliberately publishes to paint his hero in saintly colors, he ventures upon the following mendacious statement, which caps the climax of his self-stultifications: "*It is justice due to Napoleon to state that no man ever possessed purer morals or took so much pains to check scandal.*" Prof. William M. Sloane, who, with the apparently earnest desire to be impartial, seems to carry water on both shoulders as well as on his head, sometimes exhibits a regular example of Japanese balancing-jugglery. Nevertheless, he comes out very handsomely in his January article of his series in the *Century.* Previously it seems, honestly to make his ascriptions like the marked superscriptions of a palimpsest, but in January he speaks his mind more consistently with his reputation as an historian of the Tacitus school and does not seek to whitewash a sepulchre full

commendable. He presents us with a lovely picture of the winning Queen Louise of Prussia, and if ever Buonaparte showed himself in his true colors, as a pre-eminent liar and slanderer, it was in his aspersions of the character and chastity of one of the purest and sweetest of women who ever wore a crown, whose only fault was her burning patriotism and her faith in the qualities of an army inherited from a hero and monarch, so far superior to Buonaparte as a soldier and sovereign as gold is to pinchbeck — one whom von Clausewitz places on the apex of the pyramid, because his work was complete—outlived him—as proved by what the Hohenzollerns have accomplished, and the world recognizes the fact to-day, while Buonaparte's crumbled while he yet ought to have been in his prime.

These authors, praised by Prince Napoleon, are simply perverters of facts, unblushing flatterers, worthy to rank with the Rev. John S. C. Abbott,* whose production is so utterly untrustworthy, that, to any honest historical student, it must appear absolutely ridiculous.

It is scarcely surprising that Prince Napoleon gave himself such airs, as his resemblance to his uncle was most startling from his boyhood to his grave. The writer who saw him on board the French steamer Henri IV., in 1834, in the harbor of Leghorn, remembers his appearance as well as if it was yesterday, and can bear witness to the likeness. He was then twelve, and the writer thirteen, and, at that early age, seemed to pose as he did throughout life. To use American half-slang adjectives, he was as "tonguey and brassy," as he was "brainy and bold" in expressing his opinions. As to his mental ability, there can be no doubt. M. de Beaufort makes him out a military hero likewise, but with that we have nothing to do herein.*

The vials of bitterest wrath are poured forth on M. Taine, then others upon Prince Metternich, Bourrienne, Madame de Remusat, the Abbe de Pradt, Miot de Melito. By the way, there were two Miots, one of whom was an officer with Buonaparte in Egypt, and the other a courtier and diplomat. Finally, Prince Napoleon appeals to his uncle's correspondence. It is not credible that those who are seeking to exalt Buonaparte dared to publish all that existed, if such there is, as that to which reference is made in this very article in connection with Professor Sloane's *Century* article.

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of all uncleanness. He draws it mildly, but he draws it truly. The fact is many biographers are like poor Frankinstein, who evoked a monster, and, in their terror at the horror they vitalized, sought to mask him with the vizor and garments of virtues their subject did not possess, and in doing so produced something like a Lothario blended with a saint.

*NOTE.—As far as a youth and young man can be intimate with a middle-aged gentleman the writer was so with Mr. Harper, the head of Harper Brothers, who was afterwards mayor of New York. When this J. S. C. Abbott was publishing his mythical history of Buonaparte, a strange blending of fantastic conceptions and distorted facts, often verging on the developments of a Munchausen imagination, the writer asked Mr. Harper how such a farrago of exaggerations came to be published. He laughed kindly, and when he had recovered his composure, he said: "Why the Reverend author tells me he never begins a chapter without prayer for the guidance of his pen." "Mr. Harper, forgive me for asking you, which way does he direct his prayers? UP [to the Fountain of Truth] or DOWN [to the Father of Lies]?" Mr. Harper's kindly eyes were radiant through his spectacles, but no response came from his lips. It is a wonder that such a firm as the Harper Brothers could have published such a book was the opinion of Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania, who wrote some severe reviews of it, but perhaps they had been carried away by the Life of Buonaparte in four volumes by Ireland, who, in summing up the character of his subject, declares him to have been a model of moral purity, which is about as far from the truth as the zenith of fact from the nadir of falsehood.

* See curious anecdote in Victor Tissot's "*Voyage au Pays des Milliards*," *Paris, 1884, page 43, Ludwigsbourg.*

As to Taine, he needs no defence; his works speak for themselves. The authenticity of the Memoirs of Caulincourt, and those of Bourrienne, have been questioned like those of Barras and Talleyrand. It is impossible for any one to sift out the wheat of truth from the chaff of error, but if Bourrienne did slander he has been slandered in return, and the balance of reliability has to be adjusted by corroborative contemporaneous evidence, which is in his favor. It has been set down that Buonaparte considered that the two writers who had done him the most harm were the Abbe de Pradt and the Prussian general, Count Truchsess Waldbourg,—the first, by his report of the interview at Warsaw, in 1812, in which Buonaparte repeatedly uttered the phrase "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and the second, by his report of the incidents of Buonaparte's journey to Elba, in 1814, in which Buonaparte became a pitiable object through his complete abandonment of any self-control. Unfortunately, de Pradt's account is substantiated by eye-witnesses of unquestionable veracity, as was that of Truchsess Waldbourg equally attested by unimpeachable evidence.

But if all that we have from those, whose reliability Prince Napoleon seeks to demolish, was swept away, hundreds of books remain with which few readers are acquainted, but whose authors are much more severe than those he styles "Detractors." A number of these have been referred to, such as Charras, Pasquier, Chaptal, Bondois, M'Queen, &c., &c.

But what could he bring forward to meet a number cited by Larousse,* and Pierrart in his "Drame de Waterloo," Paris, 1868, or works which have appeared since that date. Even Marshal Macdonald makes revelations which are far from creditable; Marshal St. Cyr is extremely severe, and many others, who, with the evident intention of bolstering up the character of Buonaparte, let out most derogatory secrets.

To one who has just risen from the specious work of "Napoleon and His Detractors," to such a one it is alone possible to appreciate how the world can be trapped by the able manipulation of words. It was said of Queen Christiana of Sweden, who, in reality, alone engineered the Peace of Westphalia, in the interests of petty personal results, at the sacrifice of great general principles for which her father, Gustavus Adolphus, died, "the bitter attacks which have clouded her fame originated chiefly in her disregard of conventionalities, with which no rank or station can safely dispense." Even so it is true with an author

*NOTE.—The idol has been thrown down, the man unmasked. Hatred and scorn have succeeded to the love and admiration of which he had been so long the object. The idolatry which had placed him almost upon an altar will forever remain as an example of the [delusive] shock which military glory produced upon minds and of the long success which a great historic imposture can obtain. Through his works, his correspondence, his memoirs, of the details known of his conduct, through everything which recent labors have gathered, now a character evolves itself which can be summed up in three words: egoism as motor, falsehood and charlatanism as means, domination as objective. Buonaparte showed himself brutal in prosperity, pitiable in adversity. Loquacious, passionate, peremptory, arrogant, presumptuous, he meddled with everything and in everything blundered. A voluminous collection should be made of the ridiculous opinions, authentic stupidities, which issued from his lips. The certain sign of a distempered mind is that he had no conception of the nature of things; not only morality had no existence for him, he had no conception of [consideration for] the rights of humanity and the power of ideas; he equally despised the one and the other, thinking that, through terror, deceit and violence, he could attain his object in everything, but even to the end he misconceived the limits of the possible, and he precipitated himself blindly into insane plans; his power of calculation applied to details only served to justify him in his folly, and his words, his insensate dreams, even after Waterloo, attest that in this respect his malady was incurable. —*Republique Francaise*, 15th January, 1873, quoted in the "Summary of Buonaparte," in "Le Grand Dictionnaire Universel die XIX Siecle," of Pierre Larousse.

who runs or writes against the prejudices and preconceived opinions of multitudinous general readers of superficial writers—mere parrots in words, and even ideas, and their application—whose wheels run in the same ruts of error, deepening them, as they roll along, until the force of truth is inadequate to extricate them. As an instance in point, a prolific military author has just published a work on Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War, in which he shows profound ignorance, intentionally, or ignores the efforts and effects of generals who were as much more able than those whom he lauds as suns are to planets—generals, whom Colonel, afterwards General, John Mitchell in his "Wallenstein," and the Prussian military critics in their "Geschichte des Kriegwesens," Berlin, 1828, assign to so high a rank as commanders that they consider that there were "*even single moments of their lives*, [in masterly conception and execution] which surpassed all the successes, however great, achieved by Gustavus Adolphus."

This General Mitchell, in his "Fall of Napoleon" — little known and seldom quoted—furnishes the ablest exhibit of the littlenesses on all lines and in every degree of Buonaparte that has ever been published, and he knew more upon the subjects he treated than those who, like Thiers, have filled the eyes and ears of the world with their splendid mendacities.

While scourges, like Attila, Tamerlane, Buonaparte and their peers in evil, deluged Kingdoms and Empires with blood and left nothing behind them but ruins and ashes and a "name at which the world grew pale," the advance of human progress has been decided more than once by a mere skirmish, as at Concord, where

> "Once the embattled farmer stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

Even so the exaggerated fame of Buonaparte—who, after all, was simply a repetition of Wallenstein as a Condottiere on a vaster and viler scale—was built up upon the acts of predecessors, and subordinates whom he ignored, taking all the glory to himself, which to ignorant observers, were apparently as insignificant as those battles of the American Revolution which were stigmatized as having been "fought out by squads of men," of which the shots were not only heard around all the world, but to this day speak out in thunder tones their effects on the whole succeeding century and the vast future.

These remarks may all seem to ordinary readers as phantasmagoria, but it never should be for a moment forgotten that what appeared to our fathers as witchcraft and folly, to their children has been shown to be absolute fact—take, for instance, the triumphs of electricity. The Book of Books declares "Nothing is hid that shall not be manifested," a promise which has been formulated by the great French philosopher Montesquieu that "sooner or later everything makes itself known (or is found out)." Thus it is and will be in regard to the truth about Napolione di Buonaparte.

Since the writer commenced posting himself to prepare the articles which have appeared in connection with Buonaparte, by observing auction catalogues, importations and private purchases, quite an extraordinary library in different languages has been collected. Among these books bought at auction is "Les femmes gallantes des Napoleons. Secrets de Cour et de Palais, par des Lettres et des Conversations Authentiques," par Eugene Mirecourt, published in Berlin, 1862, by Jules Abelsdorff. It evidently belonged to some person of literary consequence, for it has been annotated and corrected with evident care, besides bearing a complicated monogram and crest embossed on the title page, and it is well bound in morocco by a firm in Glasgow, whose name is stamped on the fly-leaf.

As a strong evidence that the author, whether the name is his own or assumed, knew what he was writing about, a friend instituted a search through several books treating of the genealogy of the Buonapartes, and established the connection exactly as stated by Mirecourt.

As regards the first Buonaparte and his family and surroundings, Mirecourt is the only one who has met the question so squarely; but most of the statements which he makes are alluded to more or less distinctly in other works. As a single instance: Barras has been bitterly blamed for what he has left on record in regard to the first Emperor's first wife. Dr. Leo, the historian, who published in Halle, 1856, in German, states, in a cold phlegmatic manner, that she was "Barras' maitresse," which shows that he considered he was citing an historical incident which, when he wrote, was accepted as a recognized fact. Nor let it be forgotten, as alluded to in a former article, Admiral Sir George Cockburn, in his Diary of Buonaparte's last voyage, records: "I must say from what I have hitherto seen and learned, I begin to think Mr. Goldsmith had more foundation for many of his statements in his 'Secret History of St. Cloud' than he has generally received credit for (p. 24)." Again, at p. 73, "it is right that at the same time I should remark that there was something of malicious cunning in General Buonaparte's manner whilst making this statement which induced me very much to doubt the truth of the whole story, * * * and thereby offered General Buonaparte some chance of being revenged upon him for the unqualified abuse he has so lavishly heaped upon the General and his family."

These things are alluded to, not to stir up the malodorous facts connected with Buonaparte, to which Constant continually refers in an apologetic manner, but to confirm what Masson says, p. 313:* "One calls his conduct with women *brutal*, because he was pressed for time and had none to waste on delicacy, and to judge the men of the empire and, much more, the Emperor, by the hypocritical and scanty morals of the middle classes, it becomes necessary first to bring this middle class into existence."

This seems to be a very poor excuse, because at all times, in France, there has been a middle class which was as distinctly moral as in any other country. It is true the best part of the truly moral was mostly expunged through the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the expulsion or destruction of the Protestant element, but many foreign writers have attested that there is a strong leaven of the strictest principle still left in the country, in spite of the examples, seductions and influence of the Buonapartes.

At all events, Masson, with all his extenuations, simply corroborates and supplements Iung, d'Herrisson, Taine, and others, just as they corroborate and amplify Masson. It is said there is no smoke without fire, but there may be considerable smoke with very little fire during the con-

*Constant pretends to be judicious, and sets forth Napoleon's faults as well as his virtues; but he never quite succeeds in being anything but indulgently apologetic for peccadilloes which are to be conceded to genius and for actions which would have been criminal in a man, but were "statesmanship" in a sovereign. To Constant he seemed wise, patriotic, deeply learned, witty, magnificent—with all his eccentricities a high type of civilized man. But Constant drew a portrait much truer than his own ideas; for in spite of his hero worship, the man who is seen in his pages is not a product of civilization. He is veneered with a certain respect for conventionalities, he has a native kindliness of impulse, a delight in creative work; but he is at heart primitive, strong, simple, fond of splendor, thirsting for glory, at once generous and supremely selfish, a powerful intellect that knows no restraint, in a word, a barbarian born out of due time. Thus, unconsciously, Constant depicts him. *Such really Napoleon was.*—New York Daily *Tribune*, Friday, January 17, 1896.

sumption of more or less rotten heaps. But when the whole atmosphere over an immense area is completely surcharged with brooding smoke, there must have been a very extensive conflagration as its origin.

Curious to say, while engaged upon this article, in searching though the dusty shelves of the library, which have not been examined for a long time, a work was discovered, the title in full of which is as follows, viz: "The Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud—in a Series of Letters from a Resident in Paris to a Nobleman in London, written during the months of August, September and October, 1805." "Philadelphia: Printed for and sold by John Watts, North East Corner of Second on Dock Street. Sold also by all the Principal Booksellers, 1806."

In some respects this is truly a wonderful book, because, while it is so severe and full of scandal, it goes into statistics and assigns to each of the imperial thieves, ministers, marshals, &c., the very amounts which they had already accumulated.

In many particulars it is fully endorsed by the most trustworthy works in the same line, differing in only one particular. Louis Buonaparte, who is generally spared, receives the lash in these letters. Schlosser viii, p. 187, remarks: "King Louis of Holland has often been accused of peculiarities, obstinacy and eccentricity, amounting even to insanity." Michelet certainly charges Buonaparte himself with having been beside himself at times. "Lucien had the cunning of a fox. Joseph certainly was not level-headed where women were concerned (see Larpent's Diary, p. 165), and Jerome was certainly a despicable character. There are stories told of Jerome—especially his meanness in connection with money matters—that lower him a great deal more than established facts in regard to his licentiousness and incapacity."

The writer—last referred to, who published in 1806—appears in some way to have been attached to Lucien, but while endeavoring apparently to screen and extenuate him, he reveals enough to demonstrate what immense sums he stole.

What is most remarkable in this connection is the fact that this family, which came into France in absolute indigence, went out, with the exception of its chief, with colossal fortunes,* considering they were scattered as cattle, if so, as they deserved, as Prince Napoleon declares, and lived and died surrounded by elegance and luxury with all they loved about them, while the author of their rise and prosperity died a prisoner deprived of the child of his almost idolatrous love, and betrayed by the only woman to whom he appears to have been really respectable.

And now, while upon this subject—these scandals, however true or exaggerated—to show how utterly untrustworthy are the testimonies of such courtiers as Meneval, Napoleon's private secretary, he states that Marie Louise saw Neipperg, who became her lover, and by whom she had a child or children, before her husband, from whom she was not divorced, was dead—for the first time, at Dresden, in May, 1812. Does Meneval make this erroneous or false statement intentionally? He must have known that the contrary was the fact, because Marshal de Castellane, in his Diary (Vol. I, chap. iii, p. 79), under date of July, 1810, records that at Schwartzenberg's ball he "drank a glass of champagne with a handsome hussar; his face struck me; he was one-eyed; this was the Count de Neipperg. I hardly believed that in him I should one day see the husband of this

*"The Bonapartes were divided like a herd of cattle," Prince Napoleon observes, page 193, "amongst the enemies of France." If the original gnawing poverty and struggles for existence be considered they ended their lives like princes, and their properties were comparatively colossal for the period.

Empress Marie Louise, at whose court he was then present, among the great dignitaries and the ministers at such brilliant fêtes."

It will be remembered that lately there were notices of a drama or a novel founded on Buonaparte's jealousy of this Neipperg, who is made to follow Marie Louise to Paris and was discovered making love to her (acceptably?)

Buonaparte—according to the plot—was so infuriated that Neipperg was to be assassinated, as usual in such cases, or shot, and he would have met that fate had he not been smuggled out of Paris and France. Those who would investigate carefully would be disgusted with the depths of spiritless servility to which the French people, yes, even some of the highest classes in Italy, Germany, Spain, and elsewhere, church dignitaries, priests and princes, civilians and soldiers, sunk, and exhibited in regard to Buonaparte. There are plenty of books, French, particularly the most recent, like Bondois, which prove this. Still greater disgrace to humanity, however, the most servile, in service and flattery, were the first to desert the tyrant, when the arms of outraged Europe forced him to abdicate.

After reading Castellane is it not more than probable that there was some basis of fact for this story, and that Meneval deliberately falsified history to screen his master and mistress?

As to the relations of Buonaparte with his most immediate relatives, the following from the *Bookman*, Vol. II, No. 3, November, 1895, p. 170, is worthy reflective consideration:

"Prof. W. M. Sloane, after finishing his 'Life of Napoleon,' should publish an appendix containing the new material which he discovered in the course of his researches, but did not include in his excellent work. For instance, he unearthed, in the Governmental Archives at Paris, *certain letters of Pauline Bonaparte, which he was too verecund* [modest or sly?] to give to the world in a magazine that is largely read by the Young Person, but which, nevertheless, reveal some very curious and rather remarkable facts about the *vie intime*.*

*The "London Annual Biography and Obituary," Vol. VI, for the year 1822, furnishes a Memoir, 219 pages, octavo, on Napoleon Buonaparte. For an English review it is wonderfully truthful, although severe, especially on "Madame Mere," LÆTITIA, "Mother of Joy," as d'Herrison says, "the soldiers styled her." It charges Buonaparte's paternity to Marboeuf, and according to the laws of heredity, the resemblance of the son to the mother is all right. As the stronger creature this son should have favored his mother in every respect. That is absolute law. Buonaparte was in no respect like his father, the husband of his mother, except that both died of a cancer in the stomach, which it would be strong proof if some doctors had declared that he did not die of that disease, but of a fatal affection of the liver, due to his confinement at St. Helena. Who shall decide?

J. Hereau, former Surgeon-in-Ordinary to Madame Mere and first surgeon of the Empress Marie Louise, published at Paris, in 1829 a pamphlet of some 250 pages – the copy herein cited is either incomplete or else breaks off abruptly. It is labelled "for Dr. Jackson,"—Dr. Jackson was a famous military surgeon and author—and inside is a note, "Will Dr. Jackson be so good as to notice this book?" entitled "Napoleon at St. Helena. Opiuion of a Physician on the Malady of the Emperor Napoleon and upon the Cause of His Death; offered to His Son—the Duke de Reichstadt—on the Day of Obtaining His Majority."

At page 160–162, *Conclusion:*

"It follows from the testimony presented:

"1st. The Emperor did not die from poison, as is still the opinion most generally admitted to-day.

"2d. The malady of which he did die was a *chronic gastritis*, a malady which has never been regarded as hereditary; and the traces which it left upon the organs of which it was the seat, were very improperly confounded with those of a cancerous affection.

"3d. Not only the influence of the climate sufficed to occasion the malady of which he died, but to such a degree did it alter his constitution that his end was inevitably near at hand.

"4th. That the vexations of which he was the object, under the title of 'restrictions,' and especially the error of his physicians, concurred to hasten his death."

There is doubtless much that is true in No. 4, but the "vexations" so forcibly dwelt upon are undoubtedly at-

Sir Hudson Lowe summed up his character when he said Buonaparte was no gentleman. This judgment is corroborated by a thousand instances of bad manners, and Talleyrand summed it up when he observed, "what a pity it is that so able a man should have been so badly brought up." See Schlosser viii, p. 230, etc.

Although panderers and flatterers, of all degrees and professions, disgraced themselves by the vilest and most blasphemous adulations, the Roman Catholic priesthood, high and low, degrading themselves by leading the choruses and pronouncing discourses unworthy their profession and their dignities, it remained for the usurious and money-worshipping race which had hitherto respected their religion, to surpass all others in associating the principle of evil (Buonaparte) with the principle of good (Divinity). The story has been told more emphatically and diffusely elsewhere, but never more clearly and succinctly than by William M. Sloane in the February *Century:*

"They [the Jews] vied in flattery with the Roman priesthood, setting the Imperial Eagle above the Ark of the Covenant, and blending the letters N and J with those of the Jehovah in a monogram, for the adornment of their meeting-place."

The ancient and mediæval Jew could never have done this nor been forced into doing this by the fiercest tribulations or torments. It remained for the modern Jew to be false in every sense to Fatherhood.

Their mingling of the initial letters N [what name did N in reality represent?] and J of the Imperial Eagle spreading its wings dripping with blood over the cherubs sheltering with their significant pinions the Ark of the Covenant. This horrible idea recalls the couplet of the brave but barbarian Suworrow after his capture of the Turkish fortress, thus converted into English verse by Byron (D. J. IX, stanza xxxiii):

> Glory to God and to the [Empress Catharine II],
> (*Powers eternal!*
> *Such names mingled?*) Ismail's ours.

No wonder the English bard, with some remnant of his national sense of religious decency, could apprehend the horrible association in any degree of the infinitely Divine and the infinitely indecent, and yet the Germano-Russian Catharine was decidedly superior to the Corsican upstart.

To the Jews to join the remotest sugges-

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tributable to his own unworthy passions, and to physicians with preconceived opinions, especially of their own capacity, are in many cases of more danger to a patient than a disease not immediately recognizable like small-pox, yellow fever, &c.

The primary mistake of Sir Hudson Lowe was overpoliteness to a being to whom politeness, except as a cajolery or lure, was an unknown quantity. He should have acted like Fate, in silence. Napoleon would not have dared to resist by force and expose himself to the operation of military law. Power needs no words, because it can crush. There is no necessity of argument or explanation when an order is clear, and is backed with discipline. In many respects the harsher Sir Thomas Reade would have been a better jailer than Sir Hudson Lowe.

In Mr. F. A. OBER'S *Josephine, Empress of the French*, we have a work of the J. S. C. ABBOTT order, which, *with a delightful disregard of facts and the evidence of history*, depicts Madame BEAUHARNAIS as a persecuted but impeccable being, too good for this earth, and naturally much too good for her Corsican husband. It is always pleasant to believe that an empress with a romantic history is good and pure and generally virtuous, *but one has to draw the line somewhere, and we think that we shall draw it at* JOSEPHINE. (The Merriam Company, New York.) From the "Bookman Brevities," p. 540. *The Bookman*, a Literary Journal, published monthly by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York: February, 1896, Vol. II, No. 6.

This is all fishing in very turbid waters, to use the most respectable adjective, but to sum up the whole matter and dismiss it at once, the entire gang, male and female, in all directions, were a bad lot altogether with the sole redeeming admission, that, as a rule, in one line or another, worthy admiration or anathema, as far as their own interests were concerned, they were a brainy breed.

tion of one combining under the mortal viel of devilish cunning a perfect amalgam of crime, demonstrates how truly St. Paul spoke when he declared "the love of money is the root of all evil."

Sill this is simply a reminder of the apothegm of the elders—drawing a distinction between the three great class of Hebrews: In one class, such heroes as stand unexceeded in history; in another, of whom there were many magnificent examples, like the prophets and St. Paul; and in a third, which are multitudinous and transmit the exquisite perception of how to convert body, soul and spirit simply into the service of mammon.

Some sixty years ago it used to be an accepted apothegm that "Abraham was the friend of God, Isaac was a Hebrew gentleman, and Jacob was a Jew."

IV.

Beneath a fine lithograph of Willette (Charles Verneau, editor), entitled "Death Departs in the Fog," representing Buonaparte himself leading the mortuary procession of the Empire beneath a funereal sky: "After accomplishing so many prodigies, Buonaparte left France enfeebled and impoverished. He himself said, while yet First Consul, 'THE FUTURE WILL TEACH IF IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR THE PEACE (*repos*) OF THE WORLD IF I HAD NEVER EXISTED.' In spite of all the glory he won for his (?) country, history has not yet answered the question."

"Ah," cried Buonaparte (1804,) "would to God that France had never heard of my name—that her government had never done amiss—that her people had never suffered so much misery!" (BURDON, 1805). He added bravely to that misery for the next eleven years until Waterloo finished his opportunities to heap more woes upon France.

Buonaparte has not only been compared to Attila, but to Zenghis Khan, to Tamerlane, to Darius, and even more than once to Xerxes. The conquering arms of the first were certainly carried into more extensive regions and Tamerlane was a much more scientific general than he is conceived to have been, except to a few. Darius failed against the Scythians for the very same reason that Buonaparte did against their descendants. Buonaparte's legions never inspired such terror as the Tartars down to the 13th Century and, as Gibbon observes, in 1228, the Swedes and Frieslanders were prevented by their fear of the Tartars from prosecuting the *herring* fishery on the coast of England. "It is whimsical enough that the orders of a Mongol Khan, who reigned on the borders of China, should have lowered the price of herring in the English market."

It would have been well for Buonaparte in 1812, while he imitated the arrogant assurance of Tamerlane, had he taken a leaf out of the latter's military book of axioms and not pressed on against the advice of his best and wisest counsellors. "The Sultan himself" (says Timour) "must then put the *foot of* COURAGE into the *stirrup of* PATIENCE." It was impatience that ruined Buonaparte and led to his fearful sacrifices of life as a military leader. Another of Timour's axioms Buonaparte did follow in practice—"He who wishes to embrace the bride of royalty must kiss her across the edge of the sharp sword." (Russia 15, 16, 17, 30.) Only in Buonaparte's case, in kissing the royal bride, the Archduchess, Maria Louisa, the sharp edge cut him, and it might be said the wound never completely closed, but through it he was depleted until his strength oozed away, until finally he fell through his "cowardly abdication;" another of his fainting-fits (*defaillances*), one of those weaknesses, to which Michelet is so delighted to allude.

In preparing these articles there is not an opinion expressed which has not an authority back of it, and some of the severest criticisms emanate from Frenchmen and were published in Paris.

The great trouble is, readers who start out with a pre-conceived opinion, only dis-

cover in the books they read those ideas which endorse their own. Thus Thiers—who is a Chauvinist of Buonapartists—contains enough reading between the lines, if carefully collocated, to condemn his hero in every particular. To exalt the glory of France, to feed the inordinate variety of its people, French writers are compelled to invest Napoleone with their own characteristics. Whereas he was a Frenchman in nothing.

The fact is, if his glory inures to any place and people, it is to Italy and to Italians. In starting out with avowed hatred to France, Frenchmen were nothing else but his dupes, his tools, bodies and souls; his cash in hand, as it were his pawns.

Buonaparte was one of the meanest of white men. Besides all the injustices, captivities, tortures, military murders, with his knowledge or by his direct command, the wanton destruction, which he ordered, was unworthy of any but such a tyrant, in gross as well as in detail. He not only justified in the atrocious destructions and devastations of Louis XIV, but almost the only praise which he accorded to Wellington—until he was humbled most assuredly, and principally by Great Britain—was for the Iron Duke's desolation of Portugal in 1810, to impede the march of Massena and make it impossible for the French to remain in the region in front of the lines of Torres Viedras. The useless blowing up of the Bastions of Vienna was a wanton abuse of power, likewise the blowing up of the Kremlin and of the ancient walls of Smolensko, dirty pieces of low revenge. Still, there were other exhibitions of the same sort which were perpetrated not under the impulse of passion, but out of utter wantonness. On the top of a mountain was a famous old castle, Hohentweil, celebrated for its magnificent position and views over the surrounding country, particularly the Boden Sea or Lake of Constance, most particularly for its remarkable defence against every power, which in turn added misery to misery in Germany during the Thirty Years' War. This also was blown up in 1800 by the orders of Buonaparte according to report. To his most ruthless myrmidon, the convict Vandamme, without excuse, history accords the destruction of one of the most ancient and renowned specimens of feudal architecture in Europe. It was the scene of the principal events in von Scheffel's "Ekkehard, a tale of the Tenth Century."

In the preceding article the savagery of the French in Russia was demonstrated through two anecdotes from General Lejeune. They might be supported by a number of other witnesses; but turn to the Diary of the Marshal de Castellane, under the most different circumstances, not of suffering, but of success.

During the "Slaveholders' Rebellion" one of the Union soldiers ravished a Southern woman, and he was promptly tried, convicted and hung. The same crime in the most magnified proportions, seemed but slightly regarded among the French. At Vol. I, page 25, Castellane records: "Five cuirassiers were assigned as safeguards in the lodgings of the Chief of the General Staff, Forestier, who did not respect their hostess." "A woman related that she had to complain of forty soldiers (p. 33)." "The majority of the inhabitants having abandoned Burgos, it was given up to pillage. A staff officer entered a house and rescued an unhappy woman who was in the midst of fifty soldiers. Each was waiting his turn." "Sometimes in the midst of horrible happenings comic phases occur. In a village, the women to escape the lust (*fureur*) of the soldiers, took refuge in the clock tower, climbing up the ladder. The advance guard, seeing their prey escape them through the arrival of the main body of the

regiment and the reëstablishment of discipline, shook their fists 'at their would-be victims' as if the latter had done them a wrong."

It is not often that writers record acts reflecting upon national character, but the French seem to do it, as Prime Minister Olivier began the war of 1870-71 "with a light heart," as if war was to be carried on according to the principle that the soldiers must be allowed to amuse themselves, just as Tilly said, when he permitted that most horrible of all sacks, the sack of Magdeburg.

There is as much difference between moral and physical courage as there is between the tropics and the poles. To impute want of personal physical bravery to any people or individual influenced by self-respect is a folly and an injustice. Moral courage of a high grade is just as uncommon as the want of physical courage, individual or national, when roused to the occasion. Austria would never have sunk so low in 1797, 1800, 1805 and 1809 if want of moral courage had not been the chief defect in her rulers—Austria, said to be "always an idea, a battle and a year behind time." The same was the case in Prussia in 1806, down to 1813. And it was this want of moral fortitude and rectitude—not the mere dread of death—which was the cause of all the woes of Continental Europe between 1793 and 1813. The exhibition of this grand quality was first encountered in Russia in 1812. Francis I and Frederick William III, "rex Infirmissimus," Francis I worse, but more stubborn and cunning, and, as a rule, with exceptions, seemed to have no more real backbone than a sturgeon. Nothing stopped Buonaparte's climb to universal empire but the inflexible moral vigor of England. Great Britain was the barrier between freedom and slavery and the savior of the continental thrones. Not but that Great Britain is as full of defects in many important particulars, subordinated to a selfishness and arrogance, which would be intolerable in any but a government which, in its Anglo-Saxon Protestant freedom, has been for centuries the breakwater to restrain the waves of despotism, physical and spiritual. To conclude for the present, doubtless good was evolved out of the evil of Buonaparte's career, but that good was already germinating before, like a baleful comet, he made his appearance in European skies. Although it is said that the best crop of wine ever produced in France was due to the presence of a comet before Buonaparte had attained incipient manhood, Thurot, eminently his superior as an administrator, had striven to introduce wiser reforms in France than any attributed to the Corsican upstart. Stein regenerated Prussia against Buonaparte's will. Even in Austria the Archduke Charles perceived and declared that Europe could never be saved otherwise than by men NOT in the position of princes. The fact is that everything which is generally held to be truth is apochryphal. Take, for instance, Buonaparte's health. He was an epileptic, and subject to a variety of diseases, which, although latent, were patent to those immediately about him if they had chosen to tell the truth. These became greatly aggravated by his increased and increasing self-indulgence after his marriage in 1809. They were manifest in Russia; still more so in 1813. In 1814, his attempt at suicide is not only uncertain, but almost apochryphal. In 1815, his exhibitions of whatever ability he had previously displayed were sporadic, and in the campaign of Waterloo these were dreams which may be justly compared to those flashes of lightning which illuminate a tempestuous night and leave the darkness blacker than before.

In 1812, Buonaparte's criminal ambition had developed into absolute lunacy at times (see Henry Wansey's "Visit to Paris in

June, 1814,'' pp. 90, 97, &c.), and he hurled his armies against space and climate; against a camp of patriotism, impregnable in its sparsely peopled vastness and its extremes of climate. In other words, the despot could mould men to his will, but his potential autocracy was as feeble as a child's against natural dynamics. Again, those who measure Napoleon's greatness with the rod of adulation and touchstone of French vanity, are purblind as to the fact that the glory of his falsely so-styled French successes must be shared with other races.

He undoubtedly began his ascent chiefly through Frenchmen, but gradually increasing strength acquired rather by guile and greed, fraud and falsehood, than by arms, he added people to people, until in 1812 he led against Russia an army styled of "twenty nations," but nearer in reality of forty victimized nations. Slaves is perhaps a more fitting term, impelled by a pitiless discipline of "blood and iron" to fight against their own people, their own feelings, their own interests.

The armies which Napoleon *originally* commanded were as fine as the best that were ever assembled under any other leader, and they were opposed to automatons who could die, but could not die fighting—as one of our most scientific generals said of the Mexicans—under a set of old fogies.

This is conceded by all military critics. And yet, with all his advantages in 1797, Buonaparte was in a pit, and a deep one, from which weak Austrian timidity and stupidity and cupidity were kind enough to help him out.

His next adventure, in Egypt, which is best known through his charlatan watchword, "from the summit of the Pyramids forty centuries look down upon the French army," and his cruel raid, or razzia, into Syria, were as complete failures in a military sense as any ever undertaken and were heralded with flourishes of trumpets, such as a quack salver was wont to blow, and with bass drum to announce his arrival to his dupes. Honest French critics charge he deserted his army when he saw that his game was up, as he always deserted it whenever his own selfish interests were in the balance against duty to those he was sacrificing.

Buonaparte had a most plausible tongue. In honeyfugling he was unsurpassed. As Admiral Keith said when Buonaparte desired to obtain an interview with the Prince Regent of England, "Damn the fellow; if it was granted, in half an hour they would be the best friends in the world." And yet, when his temper got the better of his cunning, he could use as coarse language as is heard in the slums, so that no one has ever dared to translate into English, literally, many of the expressions he habitually used. His slanderous tongue spared no one. Witness the foul aspersions upon Queen Louisa, one of the noblest and loveliest specimens of womanhood. He even dared to impugn her chastity, and the sting of this devilish lie did so much to rouse the indignation of her people against the Slanderer, in 1813. He was in a hole at Marengo when Desaix extricated him, and his repetitions of reports or narratives of that battle were only successive falsifications modified to centre all the glory in himself and obscure that of every other who deserved more than he. Who killed Desaix? It has been charged to Buonaparte's "Mandarin for all work," who tried his "'prentice hand" on this occasion, so unfortunate for France.

Buonaparte was in another trap when he was suffered to achieve his greatest triumph at Austerlitz, in 1805. Austrian want of moral back-bone even more kindly than in 1797, aided him to climb out.

In 1799, however brilliant the feats of arms performed by his subordinates, his utter reverse before Acre, besides his wholesale murders, as at Jaffa, resulted in that

abandonment which brought him back to France stigmatized as the "Deserter from Egypt," when he was declared by honest men as worthy of being shot and by the more violent of being guillotined.

In 1806, amid the hundreds of thousands who fought under the Black Eagle, how few did honor to the example of the "great Frederick." The Prussian heroes of 1806 can almost be counted upon the fingers of the hands—Blucher standing first and highest.

From the parallel between Attila and Buonaparte was omitted the only type of a struggle to redeem the German national honor, a type of Blucher's glorious stand at Lubeck. Otherwise it was a walk-over for Buonaparte.

History records but one attempt made to oppose the progress of Attila on the right bank of the Rhine, the heroic opposition of 10,000 Burgundians under Gunthachar, who fought and fell like a second Leonidas, [or like Blucher's return-blow or counter at Lubeck in 1806.]

One incident which has been blazoned in a thousand pages, as an instance of magnanimity—his coming short of shooting Prince Hatzfeldt was "a stage trick, playing to the galleries." If he had caused him to be shot it would have been as much a cold-blooded murder as many of the numerous others which he committed, the cruelest, that of the Duke d'Enghien and the meanest that of the poor innocent bookseller, Palm.

A single pair of battles, twins in 1806, served to dispose of Prussian resistance—Jena and Auerstadt; Buonaparte won the first with great odds in *his* favor and Davout the other, with great odds *against* him; and, yet, all the glory was claimed for Buonaparte and by Buonaparte, and except that Davout was afterwards rewarded with a title, very few knew or know that his triumph was the crowning success of the war, perhaps of Buonaparte's whole life, or career.

In 1807 when Buonaparte encountered the Russians, assisted by the real Prussians, under a man somewhat of Blucher's stamp, of Huguenot descent, Lestocq, it was a different story. At Preuss-Eylan the moral victory was with his enemies, and about no battle except Waterloo did he lie so unblushingly and persistently. On either side there was a loss of over 18,000. The Russians retreated because they were destitute of food, and Buonaparte to recruit, for his army was shaken up and almost shattered.

At Tilsit he cajoled and bought Alexander; but, while he duped the Czar, it is said that he did not even touch a cup of tea prepared by Russian hands, so fearful was he of being poisoned—self-conscious of how many that stood in his way had opportunely perished. It was said of Cardinal Richelieu that he was most fortunate, in that every one who threatened to become an obstacle to his plans always died or disappeared at exactly the right moment. Buonaparte endeavored to imitate the greatest of French administrators.

The right to sit in judgment upon even the worst of criminals pre-supposes the possession of an impartiality which can only be influenced by evidence and is inaccessible to prejudice or feeling. In the case of a prosecuting attorney it is entirely different. If he is not affected by a just

"The storm [Attila's invasion, A. D. 451] now burst upon Germany. Desolation, rapine, and slaughter marked its advance towards Gaul. Obscure legendary accounts of the horrors of that period are still extant. All the relics and jewels belonging to the church, still in its infancy, were saved at Andecks, on the mountain, from the rapacity of the invaders. *Wimpfen* owes its name to WIBPIN, (*Weiberpein*, women's pain,) all the women of this place having been cruelly murdered by Attila's command, and several Hunnenberge, Hunnengräben, (fortifications against the Huns,) are still to be met with in Germany, although it is uncertain whether they ought not to be ascribed to the Hungarians of later date, who were also called Huns."

ambition to convict, and the jury and judge perceive the want of it in him, in most instances he misses his aim. Like the Advocatus Diaboli, the Roman Ecclesiastical Court, engaged in the examination of the records of an applicant for beatification or sanctification, it is the bounden duty of the people's Advocate to look for every flaw in character aud career which can prevent a favorable verdict. Napoleone di Buonaparte having so nearly escaped deification at the hands of his servile, interested or fanatic worshippers, it is now the duty of an advocate of Truth to come forward and present every piece of evidence against him which can be discovered, and none should be rejected until rebutted by absolute facts —not the prejudiced or partial testimony of, in too many cases, suborned or ignorant partisans.*

In the gallery of portraits of the celebrities of the portentous epoch between the execution of Louis XVI and the second restoration of Louis XVIII, there is none more striking than that of JEAN ANTOINE CHAPTAL, Count of Chanteloup. It is not only attractive in its traits, but they are radiant with unusual intellectuality and acute intelligence. That he was a scientist of the highest order, who to technical knowledge added the grandest powers of its practical application, is established not only by his books, but by his works. Better than all, with all these mental gifts, his energy, his devotedness, condoned his association with some of the greatest villains that ever existed, and he began, continued, lived and died an honest man. One of the best proofs perhaps that he was an honest man is that his name does not ap-

*Memoires, pour Servir a l'Histoire sous le Directoire, le Consulat, et l'Empire, par Le Marechal GOUVION SAINT CYR, Tome iii, 1812, and iv, 1813. Paris Anailen, Lebraire pour l'Art Militaire, 1831.

I wish to call the reader's attention to what is a matter of pride, namely, that all the conclusions reached and stated in previous works were published before the receipt from Europe of the Memoirs of Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr, who, it is conceded, was one of the very ablest of Buonaparte's lieutenants, and who did not attain the most important commands —not by any means because he was unequal to them, but because he was not sufficiently a courtier; because he held to his own opinions and would express them—in fact he was too independent—and, finally, because some of his characteristics made him by no means always agreeable for subordinates, or even equals or superiors. No one has, however, ever denied his ability; therefore the criticisms of so calm and cold and capable observer are invaluable.

In the "conclusions" to his third and fourth volumes, he endorses every opinion expressed by the writer, and goes a great deal farther in his severe judgment upon Buonaparte; because, harsh as have been the expressions lavished by him upon Saint Cyr's superior, those of Saint Cyr are harsher, although perhaps more respectful in their language, which was politic.

Saint Cyr condemns the whole plan and execution of the Russian campaign, reveals truths never admitted by admirers of Buonaparte, charges him with a great blunder at Smolensko, and concedes his leadership at Borodino was far below the occasion. To go into details which could be understood by laymen would require a dilatation of double the pages (Vol. iii, 1812, 51; and Vol. iv, 1813, 58; together 109) filled with language so nervous and concise as Saint Cyr's presentation of his views.

Although he does not say so in so many words, Saint Cyr perfectly agrees with the opinion of Morlau, Kleber, and other great French and foreign generals, that Buonaparte was not a scientific commander; that he trusted to luck and prodigal expenditure of invaluable life; that he was by no means bold and decided when luck and men failed him; that he was great for the *offensive* in his reckless staking of the result on his destiny; that he was a leader in the style of Attila and Genghis Khan; and that he was wanting in perseverance and calmness for a successful *defensive*. This was Wellington's opinion also. In these military considerations he admits all that one who holds Buonaparte in holy horror could wish, and, what is more and better, unlike Frenchmen generally, he does not beat about the bush and cover up the falsehoods in regard to the terrible expenditure of life with which Buonaparte purchased success, and he avows that in some of the victories won, according to general opinion, with inferior forces, Buonaparte, if he did not have a vast superiority in numbers, was undoubtedly superior to his opponents in every element on which a commander can calculate with precision for achieving a triumph over less trustworthy forces, *Personal* and *Material*.

pear in the French *Dictionnaire de Girouette's* (Weathercocks), whose servility always pointed in the direction of the wind of Buonaparte's favor. Again that Buonaparte himself does not notice him among his Biographical References is most likely due to the fact, that with all his brazen effrontry and disregard of human feeling, he dared not mention him, remembering with what utterly brutal blackguardism, as was stated by Chaptal himself, he treated a faithful servant.

The list of the scientific works, treatises and papers of which M. DE CHAPTAL was author is astounding. It fills in smallest type six pages of the 8vo. Life and Labors (*Vie et l'Œuvre*) of Chaptal, Paris, 1893.

☞The real cause of Chaptal's throwing up his ministerial functions was entirely different from that alleged by Meneval.*

According to "*La Vie et l'Œuvre*," etc., of the Viscount An. Chaptal, the Count resigned the ministry of the Interior after four years' faithful service, 5th of August, 1804, because he would not submit like many others to the brutality of Buonaparte, which for the sake of their interests many humbly accepted while kissing the hand which inflicted the insult. The Viscount writes: "The public already are acquainted through the *Biographie Michaud*, with the relations which existed between

*Chaptal (Jean Antoine), Count de Chanteloup, an eminent French chemist, born at Nogaret, Lozere, June 5, 1756. He graduated as M. D. at Montpellier, in 1777, and became professor of chemistry at that place in 1781. He supported the popular cause of the Revolution, and introduced the manufacture of certain chemicals for which France had previously been dependent on foreigners. About 1796 he was chosen a member of the Institute. He was Minister of the Interior for five years (1801–05), and afterwards a Senator, Treasurer of the Senate, etc. His chief works are "Chemistry Applied to the Arts" (1806), and "Elements of Chemistry." Died in 1832. (See Flourens "Eloge Historique de Chaptal," 1835. "Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia," Vol. I, 876.

"The Minister of the Interior was at that time M. Chaptal. He was not only a very distinguished *savant;* but his varied knowledge of agricultural and commercial matters, his application of chemistry to the industries and the arts, his talents as administrator, and his studies on public education, had pointed him out as the right man to direct a ministry so wide and so varied in its duties." Memoirs Illustrating the History of Napoleon from 1802 to 1815, by Baron Napoleon Joseph de MENEVAL. Vol. I: New York, 1894, pp. 140–1.

"It was during one of his stays at Calais that Napoleon deprived M. Chaptal of his portfolio as Minister of the Interior. This department was entrusted to M. Portalis, Minister of Public Worship, pending the appointment of a successor to M. Chaptal, an event which took place two days later, M. de Champagny being nominated Minister of the Interior. M. Chaptal entered the Senate. I have heard Napoleon complaining about this minister on the ground that he did not take any opportunities of speaking to him, that their personal relations were too few and far between, and that he too rarely informed him of the various affairs which were being dealt with in his department. It may be that the Emperor yielded to certain prejudices, which were inspired by his recollections of the failure of the experiment he had tried in entrusting the same ministry to Laplace, who had to be replaced by Lucien Bonaparte. He may have thought that savants lost by being diverted from their studies, and were incapable of devoting themselves entirely to the numerous details of a great administration. This was, however, not the case with M. Chaptal, who was a practical savant. As a matter of fact, however, he continued to enjoy Napoleon's favor and esteem. The Emperor took constant opportunities of showing this distinguished savant the high esteem in which he held his talents, and gave him many proofs of his favorable disposition towards him."

These remarks constitute one of the instances of either the untrustworthiness or dissimulation of Meneval's Memoirs or his ignorance of what was occurring, as it were, under his own eyes, which, however, must have been an utter impossibility since the newspapers revealed the causes of Chaptal's resignation, not removal or dismissal, or as alluded to in my Authorities on Waterloo and Napoleon Buonaparte. Meneval was often guilty of misrepresentation to whitewash each successive stain upon the character of his idol.

If Buonaparte felt such a "favorable disposition" towards Chaptal as Meneval states and held him in "high esteem," the more inexcusably disgraceful his conduct towards him in regard to Chaptal's *chere amie*.

Chaptal and Mlle. Bourgoin of the French Comedy. It is no longer a family secret and I have no scruple to allude to it. It is well known that Napoleon, if he took it into his head to satisfy a fancy, never hesitated to wound the feelings of those upon whom he set the highest value. Mlle. Bourgoin had become an object of desire to the Emperor and my ancestor would not put up with it. The simple fact is this, the matter was ventilated in the public prints and family tradition adds confirmation. Napoleon was working one evening with Chaptal when the arrival of Mlle. Bourgoin was announced to him. The Emperor begged her to wait for him. It was a theatrical situation which he had got up on purpose. Chaptal placed his papers in his portfolio and left at once. The same night he prepared his resignation." Masson in his "Napoleon and the Female Sexe," 101–2 Paris, 1894, tells the story more at length but certainly makes it appear more to the disadvantage of Buonaparte. The truth is Buonaparte was inherently a blackguard and never acquired decent manners. He never received any more polish than was the result of the necessity, at times assuming a virtue which he did not possess, in order to cajole or deceive where he could not browbeat, bully and coerce.

Meneval, who misrepresents almost everything to exalt Buonaparte, iii. 21, tells the exact truth when he says he was the "most amiable and charming of men *when he chose to show himself as such*."

Some of the details of the quarrels of Buonaparte and his family gave occasion to scenes and language worthy of the lowest classes. When Buonaparte reproached his brother Lucien, which Chaptal (259) relates briefly and decently, for having married a widow, Lucien answered: "And thou likewise, thou didst marry a widow, but mine is neither old nor stinking (*puante*)." Josephine and her daughter Hortense, however lovely and amiable, had a disagreeable defect.

Although this series of articles has been criticised as too severe on the "Corsican Ogre," one sentence in the notice in the "*Bookbuyer*" sums up the matter: "There was nothing natural about Napoleon," says the author, "except his selfishness." To that selfishness may be traced all his crimes of great or less magnitude. That is the absolute fact, and if the same process could be applied to him, Buonaparte, to which Byron alludes in a stanza of his "Don Juan," it will be found that the sublime residuum—to which the poet refers with the precision of experience—in the mass of Buonaparte's composition, morals and matter, was utter devotion solely to his own self-interest.

> "I'll have another figure in a trice:—
> What say you to a bottle of champagne?
> *Frozen* into a very vinous ice,
> *Which leaves* FEW DROPS *of that immortal rain,*
> *Yet in the very centre, past all price,*
> *About a liquid glassful will remain;*
> And this is stronger than the strongest grape
> Could e'er express in its expanded shape:
> 'Tis the whole spirit brought to *quintessence;*
> And thus the chilliest aspects may concentrate
> A hidden nectar under a cold presence."—

In Buonaparte the *quintessence* was a selfishness to which he sacrificed the souls and substance of every one and everything in his empire who had not the spirit or opportunity to escape its oppression.

Salvandy, a great admirer of him, wound up his sketch by stating that he fell because he was incapable of justice: His judgments, his statements, his praises, his rewards, were all the result of his sole thought—self! self! self!

Whatever were the relations of Josephine to Barras, Napoleon owed everything to Barras, whatever may have been the terms of the two sides to the bargain. It gave him that command which was the springboard which enabled him to leap from pov-

erty and obscurity to power and renown. It is stated that Sobieski—when his attention was called before the great battle which delivered Vienna in 1683 to a Polish Foot Regiment, which appeared like a set of scarecrows—said to the Imperial scoffers, looking on, "those men have sworn never to put off their rags until they can clothe themselves by captures from the enemy." The historian's comment upon this was "these words were sufficient to convert a regiment of tatterdemallions into a regiment of heroes."

This anecdote exactly applies to Buonaparte's assumption of the command of the army of Italy. He appealed to every instinct which could make it, like Sobieskie's Poles, an army of heroes, adding the most inflammable fuel to the fire of revolutionary enthusiasm. When, in after years, Buonaparte cast the slur upon Augerean that he was no longer the Augerean of 1796–1797, the hero of Castiglione—where he saved Buonaparte in one of his weakenings—the Marshal replied that "he would be the same Augerean if he had with him the soldiers of the period referred to," whom Buonaparte had wasted as if such soldiers as he threw away could be replaced.

The British general's (John Mitchell) view of that Revolutionary or Republican Army in his unequalled "Fall of Napoleon" (124) was fully justified: "It must be allowed that these first Republican armies were in spirit, composition and honorable feeling, far superior to the best of their successors; and the old French officers, who served in the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, and afterwards rose to rank under Napoleon, *always spoke with* MORE RESPECT *of these* EARLY SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION *than of the* Imperial Guard itself."

When those glorious spirits had been dissipated and, step by step, by the abuse of power, Buonaparte had acquired the possession of a sceptre, at whose wave one hundred millions bowed in servile, blasphemous servility, as before a very God, body, soul and spirit, morals, principles and conscience, he was enabled to gather together hundreds of thousands of armed men or less disciplined victims,—"cannon-food," as he justly termed them—they were no longer competent to meet on equal terms the legions which his cruelty, greed and pitiless injustice had invested with all the patriotic enthusiasm which the French had possessed, when Buonaparte's star first rose.

In the very year in which Napoleon was smitten down, Francia became Dictator of Paraguay, and acquired that one-man power which converted the government of that country into a simple machine of which the whole population and products served as fuel, and resulting power worked solely for his own personal benefit. Francia ruled over a semi-barbarous people, a tyrant in *petto*, as Buonaparte over a highly civilized population, was a tyrant in *maximo*. Nevertheless Francia's despotism was not more absolute, more penetrating, more pervading, more exhausting and more crushing, than was Buonaparte's over France and other highly civilized nations—a despotism like the circle in the water, growing wider and wider, until it broke against the barrier of England, upon the sea, and of Russia's natural impregnability.

According to Chaptal's "*Souvenirs de Napoleon*," if the small number of writings, which will be handed down to posterity and which can transmit some trustworthy information concerning him [Buonaparte], are consulted there will be found on the one side the most disgusting apology for the qualities and virtues of the hero, and on the other the most hideous portrayal of his vices and of his ambition. The first represent him as a tutelary god or deity, invested with every [grand] quality, with every virtue—think-

ing, acting, breathing only for the welfare of humanity; the second accord to him neither talent nor (*moyens*) parts or powers. According to the latter, his successes were the result of chance, his elevation the result of audacity and perversity. Both judge him with passion, and posterity can form no exact idea of this extraordinary man, basing it upon the writings which have been published to date (1817).

"As I was charged with important public functions during the reign of Napoleon, and enjoyed very intimate relations with him for sixteen years I was able to study and appreciate him. I was able to do this with greater success, because while near him I constantly acted as an impassable (unbiassed) observer. I believe that I have never made any allusion either to his defects or to his [good] qualities. Thus, today, 1817, that he is dead for his contemporaries, I can show display these notes set down, after associating with him, in which I literally express the opinion which I present in the course of this work, 'My Recollections of Napoleon.' I call him Bonaparte, because during the Italian campaign, in which he covered himself with glory, he suppressed the 'U' in his name, so as no longer to appear of foreign origin. His mother, Lætitia Fesch, was a very beautiful woman, and it is to her liaisons* [whatever Chaptal means by that term] with M. de Marbeuf, Governor of Corsica, that the young Napoleon owed the opportunity to enter upon a military career and obtain a gratuitous scholarship in the Royal School of Brienne† (187). Paoli said to Volney that this young man carried the head of Cæsar upon the body of Alexander, and that in him were ten Syllas (examine Chaptal, pages 205, 206).

In the course of these pages mention has been repeatedly made of the Tribunate. This was constituted almost entirely of men who had displayed the most conspicuous talent during the different phases of the Revolution, who discussed the propositions for laws, and sent to the legislative body deputies to defend them or to attack them concurrently with the Commissioners of the Council of State. The unquiet spirit of the first Consul soon became irritated at the obstacles which he found [in the admirable conservative arrangements of the constitutional checks] which opposed the execution of his plans. The digested and salutary opposition of the Tribunate to certain laws displeased him. The complaints presented to the commission of the Senate in favor of individual liberty and

*According to the Century Dictionary the primary meaning of this word, as it is used by Froude in his "Cæsar," signifies an illicit intimacy between a man and a woman. Same definition in Funk & Wagnall.

†Hazlitt in one of his treatises on "Depth and Superficiality," (Bohn's edition, "The Plain Speaker, 489,) declares that, and demonstrates how, in the infant, in the cradle, exist, latent, the germs of all the good and bad, the strength and weakness, which gradually develop and characterize the mature individual. If the following anecdote is true, Chaptal simply corroborates Hazlitt and proves the truth of the proverb, "the child is the father of the man." One day when M. de Marbeuf was speaking of the means which he was about to employ to pacify Corsica: "Bah!" replied Buonaparte, then between ten and twelve years old, rudely, "Ten days of the rule of a [Turkish] Pacha would do more to pacify Corsica than ten years of your government," and he went off to his room where he spent his time reading, particularly historical works.

Is it likely that Marbeuf would have put up with such disrespect from a child if there had been no closer tie between them than merely that of protege and preceptor? These words exactly present Buonaparte in power. The rule of a Pacha implied the sword, the stake, rape, robbery, even extermination, if necessary, as at Scio or Chios, 11th April, 1822, the extreme measures of an Attila, a Timour, a Genghis. It was exactly Buonaparte's methods—witness Pavia in 1796, Jaffa in 1799, Burgos in 1808, all under his own eyes; his orders to his lieutenants, his injunctions, his counsels. Ali Pacha was scarcely more cruel through policy or Djezzar Pacha through disposition.

the reclamations of the commission annoyed [or incommoded] him. He suppressed the Tribunate, and he said to me the same evening, "from this moment there is no longer any constitution." Then he organized a military force which executed his decrees without any observation (remark), and his ministers, which his constitutional forms shackled in their movements, executed decrees without opposition.

"A sufficient number will describe his campaigns and will judge his policy and his government. I, who have particularly observed him in his home, am about to penetrate into his private life, and while divesting him of all the glitter of his greatness and the illusion of his victories, confine myself to making known his tastes, his character, his principles, his affections, his judgments upon men and things.

"The world will be astonished perhaps with the freedom afforded him to bring about all changes for subverting public liberty. But this astonishment will cease when the public reflect that there was a general fondness for him individually; and it will be observed that his armies were constantly victorious; and that public opinion proclaimed him the only man capable of making France respected without, in suppressing factions not entirely extinct within. His wars were regarded, as yet, less as the insatiable thirst of an immoderate ambition than as measures which the glory and the safety of the state required. Only the abilities of the man were perceived; his defects were imperfectly apprehended. Thus four millions of Frenchmen proclaimed him Emperor. Little did they then imagine that they were laying out the road to tyranny. The armed force was entirely in his hands and all were disposed to execute his orders, so that he had reached a point where he found no opposition. Often even it happened in the Council of State to close the discussion which he himself had opened, and bitterly to insult those who seemed about to raise some question as to the validity of one of his propositions. The result [obtained thus by despotic bullying] nevertheless appeared to the public as having been the result of careful deliberation in the Council of State. In fact the Empire had arrived at the epoch when there was already no longer any public liberty, because there was neither counterpoise nor balance in the powers. * * Independent of the absolute character of Napoleon, which suffered neither discussion nor opposition when his opinion was formed and through that alone could only be based on despotism. * * He added that it was only ancient dynasties which could be popular with impunity. * * *Within and without I only reign through the fear which I inspire.* If I abandon this system I should soon be dethroned. * * Thus he believed that in his position it was more sagacious to be feared than to be loved. He thought very little of Henry IV, and was indignant that this prince desired to be called the 'Good Henry.' 'The 'Sluggard Kings,' he added, 'were likewise *good* sovereigns.' Philip the Handsome and Louis XI [cruel, unprincipled sovereigns like himself] were the only kings of the third race whom he esteemed. Perhaps it would have been possible to have restrained Buonaparte within just limits if his first breaking bounds had been rectified [repressed] by the higher state authorities at the beginning of his career; then without doubt the nation would have endorsed its most exalted magistrates. Moreover [then?] this man Buonaparte feared the people. The least discontent boldly manifested, the most insignificant insurrection affected him more than the loss of a battle; but from the moment that this man found himself at the head of an army puffed up with its successes, he held in his hands the instrument of our [French] servitude. All resistance became impossible; the nation itself through

vanity [self-conceit?] (*amour-propre*) associated itself with his successes, and civil rights no longer counted for anything."

See Chaptal (224.) Profoundly ignorant of ideas of government. Dreamed, never studied. His reputed knowledge of mathematics of no account.

(225.) Misused words in a ridiculous manner.

(226-7.) Despised the counsels of the wise.

(227). He wanted servile boot-licks (*Valets*) and not advisers.

(228.) He conceived the project of forming a generation of Seids [i. e. irresponsible executors of his will, like Turkish mutes with the bowstring].

Buonaparte had applied his system of fusion to every country which became subject to him. He exacted that the children of every country thus absorbed should be brought up in France. He forced the most patriotic in these annexes to sell the property at home, to place the product (*biens-fonds*) in real estate in the interior of France, which, like the seizure of communal properties, amounted in many cases in the end to virtual confiscation. It was on a par with its compulsory marriage of heiresses, of whom his local satraps were compelled to make out lists and valuations to marry (in so many cases) his brutal, dissipated, unprincipled officers or officials. [This was one of the severest charges made by Lord Castelreagh in Parliament and it excited the ire of Las Cases, who never hesitates at contradiction of facts besmirching his idol.]

[There was no distinction of persons with Buonaparte. Some he regarded as spies, watching for the moment when fortune should prove adverse to him to win back what they had lost.] No fears that his Star would ever pale entered Buonaparte's mind. He believed himself strong enough to shackle everything and enslave everything.

[The unreflecting vast majority, hypnotized by such writers as Abbott, regard Buonaparte as sagacity incarnate. No man made more or greater and more stupid blunders.]

The favor which he had won among the people by the reëstablishment of public worship turned into hatred of him as soon as he began his controversies with the Pope. * * His quarrels with the Pope alienated almost every heart * * thus the effect was directly opposite to what he expected * * he tormented the aged Pope in every possible manner. [It has been claimed that he struck him and seized him by the hair.]

[Wellington was of opinion that Napoleon was more afraid of his Marshals than his Marshals were of him.] Chaptal says Napoleon was unceasingly on his guard against the ambition of his generals and the discontent of the people and he was constantly occupied in stifling the one and preventing the other. He always observed the greatest reserve with his generals, kept them always at a great distance [arm's length], hardly spoke to them, and when he did only on indifferent matters. They were never made acquainted with his orders except at the moment when they had to set out to execute them. If they distinguished themselves he simply said they had done their duty. Only once in a while he made honorable mention of them in his bulletins. Were they unfortunate the whole fault was theirs, and neither the inferiority of the troops assigned to their command nor the unfavorable conditions in which this inferiority placed them were taken into account. Thus, with the exception of two or three, whom he had known in his youth and who had kept up a certain liberty with him, the others approached him in trembling and they could not say that they ever enjoyed a moment's liberty. Even Duroc, that nullity, that slave to Buonaparte's

will, sometimes felt severe constriction of the straight jacket and rebelled without daring to grimace in the presence of his despot. See Bourrienne iii, 342. [Consult and compare pages 246, 248, 249, 250, in the original French.]

When the treaty of Ruel was signed by Twelve Generals, Massena was selected to get the signature of Buonaparte, to whom as his share Paris, and its dependent districts, was assigned. Massena refused, alleging that he would only leave the Tuilleries, Buonaparte's headquarters, to be shot by the latter's guards. Buonaparte thereupon remarked, "Massena knew me, well"—admitting he would have shot him. Lannes, 252. He would have shot St. Cyr for a trifle; Loison for even less. Lannes alone retained his frankness and independence; Berthier was simply a favorite slave; Duroc was a nullity, but devoted and secret. Buonaparte was surrounded by Seids, dumb and blind, instruments of his criminal resolves.

V.

IN continuation of Chaptal's Souvenirs, he says: "If Buonaparte could have sentiments to his ambition he would be still [1817] upon the throne of France loaded with the benedictions of the people, but Providence had decided otherwise. The modest title of First Consul appeared beneath his pretensions; he wished to establish a dynasty and found an empire. Then he re-cast our institutions and arrogated to himself prerogatives which, until that time, had belonged to the great legislative bodies [organized corps of functionaries]; he isolated himself from the men who until then had lived with him on a comparative species of familiarity. He established a severe etiquette at his court. He created for his courtiers a luxury of costumes which had never been seen at the most sumptuous courts. These innovations brought about a fatal change in public opinion. The men who attached themselves to him lost almost in equal degree all interest in their country, and from this moment he had only flatterers about him. His will became the supreme law. His courtiers proclaimed that his decrees were oracles. The least criticism was punished as a revolt. The sensible portion of the nation became silent and confined themselves to groans [lamentations]. The legislative bodies, who were only consulted to furnish an appearance of legality to the acts of his will, were lowered in public opinion; *thus the most* FRIGHTFUL DESPOTISM *which was ever laid with crushing weight upon men*, assumed form and became consolidated. No sooner able to curb [subject] the nation to his will than his ambition no longer recognized any limitations. In his *delirium* he pretended [calculated] to become the master of the world and in the space of six or seven years; he succeeded in effect in subjecting to his domination almost all Europe; and he would have executed this gigantic plan if public opinion in France, which had turned against him, had not reunited with the foreign coalition to thrust him from power.

"Napoleon [at last?] recognized his position, but acquired the conviction too late. He thought that France was inexhaustible in its affection for him; he formed an erroneous judgment at once, both of his own nation and of foreigners; he believed that the first would not abandon him and that his enemies would not dare to penetrate the interior of the kingdom, and his eyes were only opened to the truth when there was no longer any remedy. During the campaign of 1814 he had the misery to perceive that the French appealed to the domination of foreigners.

"Persons who had been brought but little

in contact with Napoleon, and only saw him for a short time, could only form a very unfavorable judgment of him. His first contact was chilling and his remarks insignificant, rude. He was destitute of the agreeable address which results from intercourse with the world or a careful education. * * Often, indeed, he was unmannerly and gross [towards women], for instance, 'Ah! good gracious! people have told me that you are pretty!' * * In general, Napoleon had the manners of a badly brought-up young lieutenant, and in coming in contact with him for the first time, nothing in him revealed either intellectuality or the slightest good manners. I have seen him at his receptions come out of his cabinet to accost women without interrupting his tune, and return to it humming an Italian air.

"Napoleon one day expressed some regret that the poet Lemercier had not accompanied him to Egypt. The poet observed that he 'was not happy where human rights were not recognized [or rather, were disregarded].' 'Well,' replied Buonaparte, 'you would have seen a country where the sovereign set no value on the lives of his subjects, and where the subject set no value on his own life. [Compare N. W. Senior's 'Conversations and Journals on Egypt,' ii, 35.] Buonaparte would not permit any one to argue against him. The least inadvertence, the slightest inattention, aroused him into a perfect fury. How could any one feel at his ease in the neighborhood of Napoleon, when everyone was, as it were, upon thorns, not knowing when his temper would explode into acts of violence? In fact his Court was an absolute galley, in which each one [like a slave on board a Barbary corsair] rowed according to strict regulation [under momentary danger of the lash].

"No one was at his ease in the society of Napoleon except himself. He never allowed himself to be put out in anything and he held everyone about him strictly within the bounds of etiquette and the most severe restraint. The sovereign contempt which he had for men inspired this conduct. Those who have studied Napoleon closely perceived that during the fifteen years of his reign the greatest changes took place in him, both physical and moral. Nothing could equal his activity during the four years of his Consulate. At that epoch he sought to instruct himself in everything relating to the administration, and gathered in council every day the very ablest men, and with them discussed all the questions which came up. He wore out his counsellors, while he himself was untiring. When, however, he had acquainted himself with matters and had formed an opinion for himself upon everything, as I have already said, he no longer listened to anyone. Thenceforward his very ministers were simply holders or bearers of portfolios, which they handed back to Marets [Duke of Bassano, Minister-Secretary of State], who made them affix their signatures.

"It was at that epoch that Buonaparte proclaimed himself Emperor. At 40 years of age he began to be corpulent. He no longer had the same confidence in his powers. He had degenerated [or was a degenerate].

"It was particularly after his return from Moscow that those who were in closest contact with him remarked the very great change which had taken place in the physical and moral constitution of Napoleon. This campaign, (without?) lessening his military glory [it completely dissipated his illusive reputation for military superiority], had shown his want of foresight, and through him caused the destruction of the finest army which ever existed; forcing him to renounce the most gigantic plan which his ambition had conceived. On the other hand, the extreme cold to which

he had been exposed had affected his own *morale*, and I confess that after this sad period I neither could discover in him the same [consequential or coherent] train of ideas nor the same force of character. Flashes [transports] of imagination were perceptible, but always incoherent. Neither the same appetite nor the same aptitude for work were perceptible, and I have often remarked that of the one hundred fibres of which his brain might be composed there were no longer fifty in healthy condition."

"From this time forward horseback exercise became insupportable to him. Somnolence, which until then he had mastered, now mastered him in turn. The table, which had appeared a matter of indifference to him, now commenced to present attractions." To prove that acute gastritis, not cancer of the stomach, caused his death, reflect upon the following statement:*

This perfectly justifies and explains Dr. Hereau's opinion that Buonaparte died of chronic gastritis not cancer of the stomach. See March number of the COLLEGE STUDENT, page 108.

"He alone did not perceive these changes. He wished to repair his fortune without the same means that he had possessed to establish it, and, far from attributing this change to himself, he charged all his own faults to the treason or to the incapacity of his generals. General Becker, who was invested with the duty of accompanying Napoleon to Rochefort, where he delivered himself up to the English, informed me that he accused his generals of all his reverses throughout his last campaign.

"Since the smallest details often contribute to better reveal the character of men than great events, I will now relate some indications of the domestic life of Napoleon from which his character can be more correctly judged. By habit and through character Napoleon was a destroyer [an Abaddon]. * * * If a delicate piece of sculpture was presented to him it rarely left his hands without being mutilated. * * * When I observed that the artist would die with mortification if he saw his work thus ruined, he coldly replied: 'A little paste can repair all the damage.' If he caressed a child, he pinched it so as to make it cry. At Malmaison [in the very spirit of Domitian] he had a fowling-piece in his private room with which he constantly fired through the window at the rare birds which Josephine kept in the ponds of the park. This malevolent genius of destruction possessed him to such a degree that he never entered the hot-houses of Malmaison without mutilating or rooting up some of the precious plants which were cultivated there. Will it be believed that with this mania for destruction, he established the greatest order in his expenses [even to meanness].† * * * He was endowed

*NOTE.—"Napoleon defied the laws of nature, in so far as he *devoured his food like an animal* and treated his organs of digestion as though they were not subject to natural laws. In consequence he became subject to violent pains in the stomach, for which physicians have various obscure names. In plain English, he had been forcing his stomach to do more work than any human stomach could do, and that stomach had finally got out of repair. The pains arising from this complaint are most acute, and Napoleon had several times before, *notably in the Russian campaign*, been rendered helpless by the result of his *gluttony*, coupled with a necessarily irregular mode of life."

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, No. 551, April, 1896, page 764, second column, Poultney Bigelow's "The Prussians Win Back what the Austrians Had Lost."

†As a farther exemplification of this genius of destruction and disregard of the feeling of others, a goat and two kids belonging to the Countess Bertrand, having strayed into his garden at St. Helena and made free with his flowers, Buonaparte took his fowling piece and shot one of the animals, 20th of January 1820. If anyone deserved consideration it was this lady, whose horror of the anticipated life at St. Helena nearly led to her commission of suicide on board the Bellerophon. Fearing her other two pets might be shot likewise, she gave them away. This

with an extraordinary memory, especially for figures and names * * * As a rule he was always simply dressed * * * but on grand occasions he displayed great luxury, but such costumes sat ill upon him : they seemed to embarrass him * * * It was generally believed that Napoleon was prodigal. It was never at his own expense. * * * No sovereign gave more than he, but no one ever [when he did give] caused more dissatisfaction. To me the reason appeared perfectly plain. First —his liberalities were bestowed by caprice and the gift was never founded on service or the necessities of the recipient. Some were overlooked, others [who deserved] got nothing. Secondly, Napoleon never accorded a favor nor made a gift in a way to inspire gratitude. He always did it as if he was bestowing alms, never as a reward for service. He humiliated rather than encouraged. * * * Napoleon never experienced a generous sentiment. It was this which rendered association with him so soulless. The result of this, he had not a single friend.

"According to sentimental Chauvinists or Napoleonic idolaters, Duroc was Buonaparte's *friend*. Duroc was simply a willing slave, a tool, a blind, dumb, deaf instrument. [Marshal Castellane (i, 230) confirms this opinion.] According to British Judge-Advocate Larpent's Diary or Journal : On that day, 16th of June, 1813, General Jeron arrived, the general of the Gallician-Spanish army acting with us, and he dined there. * * * Jeron is a man about thirty-six, I should think, and looks very much like a gentleman and a man of talent ; he is very well spoken of, and considered as one of the best of the Spanish leaders. * * * Talking during the dinner of the late accounts from Buonaparte, and of the *sentimental story about* DUROC—[whose dying bed Buonaparte left with the assurance of 'a meeting hereafter in a better world' (*un monde meilleur*). (Marbot iii, 251–2). It would appear that the two greatest favorites of Buonaparte, Lannes (1809) and Duroc (1813) were both mortally wounded by cannon shots, on the same day of the same month, 22d of May]—which Lord Wellington was laughing at, General Jeron said : '*If there was such a place as Hell, he thought Buonaparte quite right, and that he and Duroc would most certainly meet again there.*' [Duroc, with some redeeming qualities, was simply a cold-blooded instrument of Buonaparte's will, as much so as cold steel in the hands of a practical ruffian]. [Chaptal styles him '*un homme nul*' (a perfect nullity) and other honest writers corroborate this estimate on similar words more or less forcible. He seems to have been an amiable man and a peace, rather than a mischief-maker]."

Buonaparte looked upon men as vile, small change or as instruments to serve for the satisfaction of his caprices and ambition. A Russian envoy, Prince Kourakin, once spoke of the recruiting resources of his empire. Yes, I agree said he, but can your master expend as I can 25,000 lives a month. [This was exactly the counterpart of his remark to Metternich at Dresden in 1813. That he * * * * on the lives of 200,000 men. * * * Many of the acts of his life must be referred to this insensibility. He often said to me that to administer well *the heart must be transferred to the head.* Napoleon had no attachment for his family. It was through vanity that he had elevated them, but not from any

shooting chickens and kids seemed to afford amusement to him, Buonaparte, and he had young goats bought for him to shoot. On the 9th of February, 1829, he shot two fowls belonging to his Valet Novarraz. This so offended his faithful follower, the valet wished to leave his service, but was only dissuaded from doining so by Governor Lowe. He afterwards desired larger game and shot a bullock. Forsyth's "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena," Vol. III, Pages 206–7, etc

sentiments of their individual merits, nor from affection for either one. He only appeared sensible to the debaucheries of his sisters when they debased themselves in their love affairs. He often spoke with contempt of his brothers. * * * His brothers had all his obstinacy without having the same [stronger] qualities nor the same [startling] defects. Joseph seemed to have more good nature and less ambition, entirely possessed with desires for women * and love of an idle life. * * * Jerome had natural ability, but it would be difficult to find a young man more arrogant or worse brought up; more ignorant or more ambitious. When Buonaparte was placed at the head of the government, Jerome was scarcely twelve years old, and since that time he was nourished upon adulation and debauchery, and he was the most servile of all the courtiers of Napoleon, who repaid this docility with all the favors it was in

* "Colonel Campbell, who is just come into the town [Vittora, 1813,] on business, says that the French have committed great ravages on their route from this place, destroying property, committing every excess. A *girl* at Lord Wellington's quarters at Salvatierra *accuses even King Joseph of on attempt at violence;* but I do not believe it. Some very strange things were found in the baggage." "The Private Journal of Judge-Advocate Larpent." Edited by Sir George Larpent, Bart: Third Edition, London, 1854. Page 165.

In the preceding paragraph a hint is given of the peculiar tendency of King Pepe, or Joseph Buonaparte, to amuse himself with the other sex, from which none of the Buonapartes were free in a more or less genteel or brutal manner.

The following extract from the "Memoires" of the Chancellor Pasquier demonstrates that his tastes were not restricted and that he sometimes flew at the lowest and sometimes at the highest game.

In 1814, at the time of the abdication of the Emperor, the Duke of Rovigo, who was at the head of the police, confided to the Chancellor a locked portfolio containing his correspondence with the Emperor (iii, 237–8). Circumstances occurred, which influenced Pasquier as a matter of duty to open the portfolio to judge for himself from the contents if the Duke of Rovigo had told the truth in regard to its importance, and whether or not it held matters other than the correspondence indicated. In making this verification, which proved his sincerity, my examination was naturally directed to the documents which were not bound up in bundles, and these were the last of the correspondence such as had been written by Napoleon after his departure from Rheims [to make that desperate movement in the rear the of Allies which led to the fall of Paris]. What was my astonishment to find that they dwelt for the most part upon the suspicions which he had conceived in regard to the Empress Marie Louise, or rather to his brother Joseph, whom he accused of having made the most odious advances towards her. The Duke of Rovigo was severely reprimanded for not having given him any information on this subject, and he enjoined upon him in the future to exercise the most exact supervision of what occurred in the interior of the palace. For a long time I believed that this accusation of Napoleon was occasioned through the disorders of a mind which vexations without number disposed to conceive all sorts of suspicions, but I have since learned from M. de Saint-Aignan, who, considering his extremely intimate relations with the Duchess of Monte Bello, was necessarily informed upon this subject, that the suspicion was only too well founded and that the Empress at this epoch was only too much importuned and had altogether too much to complain of the overtures of her brother-in-law." Was the Empress innocent?

They were a jolly lot, these Buonapartes. They had about as much idea of principle as a monkey has of logarythms. At Orleans they tried to carry off the Empress as a sort of hostage to aid them in preserving their plunder, and she had to cry aloud for assistance to save her from their attempts at force. Jerome endeavored to get possession by violence of the wagons loaded with treasure, and the whole of this set were just as anxious at the last to secure what spoils they could as they had always hitherto made their whole lives subservient to their gain and debaucheries. This charge against Jerome appeared in one of the narratives of the flight of the Empress Marie Louise, in April, 1814; that while at Blois, Jerome Buonaparte conceived a plan to get possession of one of the treasury wagons loaded with coin, and at once sent a pistol bullet through the head of the sentinel standing guard over it. The report, however, roused the guard and the treasure was saved, and Jerome's attempt was known to so few—although alleged in the Royalist newspapers—that it is only recorded in one work examined.

As previously stated, the Buonapartes came into France steeped to the lips in indigence, and they went out of it sufficiently wealthy, one and all, to maintain positions to which they had no claim through birth, service or character.

The author of all their acquisitions, so tolerant of

[Marshal Castellane confirms Chaptal i, 369] his power to bestow. * * * We have already observed Napoleon was entirely without instruction. The Greek and Latin authors were almost unknown to him. He *believed neither in* VIRTUE *nor in* PROBITY

their villainies, villain as he was himself, suffered the most of all the criminals. Not but that his sufferings were attributable entirely to himself, and if the Buonapartes ever enjoyed any success it was entirely due to his crimes.

There were terrible expiations. The half or one-third Dutch-Napoleon III (N.W. Senior's "Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire," ii, 104,) certainly had full swing for eighteen years, but his fall and physical sufferings almost atoned for his terrible sins. As for his bigot wife and his innocent son their after-life was torture, and the end an expiation regularly consonant with Greek tragedy. The worst, Jerome Buonaparte, died in peace and plenty, and his son, the brightest in intellect of them all, suffered no punishment at all. If there is no other world and there is no retribution beyond the grave, they justified the Lucretian maxim: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." His noble wife, the Sardinian Princess Chlotilde, sacrificed to diplomatic exigencies, drove out of Paris in the face of day like a royal lady, the scion of a race of kings and heroes The Empress Eugenie stole out abandoned by all her sycophants and the servile herd who had fed upon her ill-directed bounties—saved by an American dentist. With all the horror possible to conceive, Napoleone di Buonaparte was punished almost as exquisitely as his worst enemy could desire. With a wife—to whom he was more attentive than to any other human being—"the direful spring" of his misfortunes, in the embraces of a one-eyed Austrian General, the husband of a divorced woman and the paramour of an Empress not divorced, a wife who would not even receive the physician who brought her the heart of a husband, who died clinging to her memory; with a son born to the title of Imperial Rome, a prisoner of State, although a Duke by title; with a cancer or acute maladies eating at his vitals and a cancer gnawing at his pride, "cribbed, cabined and confined," it was not a pleasant life to live or a pleasant death to die. "You are not a gentleman," said Sir Hudson Lowe to Buonaparte. He was perfectly correct in his judgment. "It is a great pity that so great a man should have been so badly brought up," quoth the arch-courtier Talleyrand. Exact truth! If Buonaparte had within him the smallest sentiments of gentlemanly feeling his captivity at St. Helena would have been assuaged by the faculty of adapting himself to altered circumstances and to accepting the situation with grace and dignity, if not with satisfaction. His repudiated wife, good or bad, to whom he owed his elevation, died surrounded with respect and bedewed with honest tears; his Imperial consort falling lower and lower with the reprobation of every honest soul.

MARIE LOUISE, SUCCESSOR OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.—It is most marvellous how the crimes, cruelties, sensualities, dishonesties, frauds, falsehoods, vile lying of Napoleon Bonaparte are condoned, not only by French writers, from whom, as a rule—with grand exceptions—little or nothing of reproof could be expected, but by English and Americans, who—until nearly transformed by Latin immigrated [imported] ideas—were honest, humane, and home-respecting in their sentiments. Above all, how Marie Louise, who succeeded to the bed of Josephine, has escaped with so slight animadversion is even more surprising, except that the French can not bring themselves to admit that the Austrian archduchess could forget that she had been the wife of that arch-devil, the very god of the French, the "tulelary-deity," as Cardinal de Rohan said Napoleon was to him, and was rewarded by a lien of 12,000 francs on the theatre-fund - and that ought to have been so proud of being his illegal wife as to be inaccessible to feeling for any other human being. However, some Frenchmen have told a portion of the truth, that she was no better than the circle into which she was admitted by her marriage, which according to the Papal Church, was no marriage. In looking over "The Liberation of Italy, 1815–1870," by the Countess Evelyn Martinego Cesaresco, Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1895, at pages 88 and 89 the following paragraph was encountered:

"The bargain with Tuscany had been struck only eight days when Marie Louise died, unlamented, since the latter years of her reign formed a sad contrast to the earlier. Marie Louise had not a bad disposition, but she always let *her husband of the hour* govern as he chose; *of the four or five of these husbands*, the last two, and particularly the hated Count de Bombelles, undid all the good done by their more humane predecessors. The Parmese petitioned their new duke to send the man away, and to grant them some measure of freedom The answer he gave was the confirmation of Bombelles in all his honors, and the conclusion of a treaty with Austria, securing the assistance of her arms. A military force had been sent to Parma to escort the body of the late duchess to Vienna; but, on the principle that the living are of more consequence than the dead, it remained there to protect the new duke from his subjects. *Marie Louise and her lovers, Chartes Ludovico and his jockey-minister*, are instructive illustrations of the scandalous point things had reached in the small states of Italy."

and often styled these two words ABSTRACTIONS. It is that which rendered him so suspicious and immoral, and politics were simply craft and deceit. Sometimes, when compelled to yield to circumstances, he signed treaties as an adjournment of his ulterior plans. * * * He did not speak any one [French] language well, [nor write it—it was written for him]. His maternal language was Corsican, which is an Italian jargon, and when he undertook to express himself in French it was at once perceptible that he was a foreigner [like Suworrow, a similar character, like himself a savage, but with the *virtues* of a barbarian]. ["In Vienna no one could fathom Suworrow, 'that unexampled mixture of genius and madness, of penetration and grimace.'" In many respects the counterpart of Buonaparte, what a pity they did not meet (Velise ii, 345, (1)]. He preferred rather an audacious lie than the truth born of hesitation. He affected a great predilictionfor Regnauld de Saint Angely, who boldly answered every question and would not have been embarrassed for a reply if Buonaparte had asked him how many millions of flies were to be found in Europe in August. * * * Napoleon used up without compassion all the men who served him, whether civil or military, and had no respect for age, for infirmities, nor for fatigue, and never accorded sufficient time to prepare the labors he demanded. Nights would be expended in his service, and it was rare that he was ever satisfied, and more rare that he exhibited the air of taking into account the fatigue undergone in his service."

"One day in council, he was aggravating Champagny, who had not been able to furnish some information which required long and patient examination of the archives. The Minister observed that the Archivist was ill. Thereupon Buonaparte replied roughly, turning towards Montavliet, who suffered terribly from the gout, 'Well,' with a dirty oath, 'when clerks are sick they should be sent to the hospital and others substituted.' He who was so imperious and so exacting in regard to his subordinates, nevertheless set not the slightest value upon their time. He would fix an hour and then make his ministers and councillors wait two or three hours in his antechambers. [It was this total disregard of the feelings that often overcame the obsequious servility of even such a devoted slave as Duroc. On one occasion it is related that after having been at work with Napoleon almost to the exhaustion of his patience, he had thrown off his trappings to take a little rest when his despot sent for him again. Applying to Napoleon a very blackguard epithet, he resumed his official dress, with a remark equivalent to saying that so it was, that Napoleon would never give him a moment for relaxation. Here comes in very appositely the comment of General Jeron on remark made by Napoleon beside Duroc's dying bed, making an appointment in a better world.

* * * "In all circumstances he developed a great talent, but above all a great subtility. He was never at a loss for motives to endeavor to legitimate measures most arbitrary and often the most atrocious. It was in these effusions of confidence that it was possible to penetrate the crafty character of Napoleon, the principles of his politics and his opinion of men."

"Napoleon possessed inflexibility of will which comprised the exaction of the immediate execution of his orders without examination, without resistance and without observation, and he exercised the same despotism in the army as in the interior administration.* He would not put up with the

* "I had—was the false and cruel charge made by Buonaparte?—in the hands of the banker Torlonia, at Rome, bills of exchange to the amount of two or three hundred thousand liveres, in bills of exchange, the product of my revenues of the Island of Elba

refusal of any employment by any individual whom he named without ever consulting him ; a refusal always entailed disagree upon the innocent victim. No one ever became aware of any nomination of himself to office. His most intimate friends only became cognizant of it through the public papers and the ministers. The ministers themselves had very little to do with appointments. Buonaparte troubled himself very little if the employees had the necessary abilities ; he appointed them without knowing them. [Marshal Castellane confirms this.]

"To furnish an idea of the morals of France, Chaptal relates the following incident. The citizens of Namur appeared before Buonaparte to complain of their bishop. They accused him of insulting women in the church, simply because their dress did not please him ; they charged that during a procession at the entrance of the church, when the crowd retarded his advance, he ordered the cross-bearer to beat those ——, using a blackguard expression, with his cross. They added that he lived publicly with a girl whom he passed off as his niece. Buonaparte talked the matter over in the evening with the bishop, who replied that he had served in the army of the Rhine and that he could not give up his old habits."

"As Buonaparte was naturally suspicious and mistrusting, he covered France with spies, and he believed their reports with the same perfect faith that an old priest believes in the gospel. Every day brought in new denunciations and every day revealed pretended conspiracies, and they saw him withdraw his confidence from one set and throw the others into dungeons without any one being able to discover the motive. The list of officials would serve as the roster of an army. Public administrators were deprived of their functions, peaceable citizens incarcerated, etc., upon police reports. It

since 1815. The Sieur de la Peyrusse, although no longer my treasurer, and not invested with any such office, possessed himself of this sum He shall be compelled to refund it."

"Baron Peyrusse had been treasurer to Napoleon at Elba. In 1829 General Bertrand, with the other executors of this will, certified that Peyrusse had properly accounted for the funds in question, and that this paragraph had been dictated in ignorance of the facts of the case. "See *Meneval*, Vol. II, p. 95. Scribner's Bourrienne, Vol. IV, page 433.

Consult curious "Lettres Inedities du Baron Guillaume Peyrusse, Ecrites a son frere Andre pendant les Campagnes de l'Empire de 1809 a 1814, Publiees d'apres les manuscrits originaux, avec une Notice sur Peyrusse par Leon G. Pelissier," Paris, 1894.

Baron Peyrusse, to whom Buonaparte is so shamefully unjust in his Third Codicil §2, has presented some remarkable pen-pictures of his master. He writes (XXI) that Napoleon during the campaign was to the last like himself, hard and impassable, treating those around him with the greatest contempt amid his reverses ; then all at once foundering through the catastrophe of the abdication. When the Empire is lost nothing remains to lose, said Napoleon, and in fact he did not take any measures to gather up the remains of his treasure and tried to poison himself. Then two sentiments manifested themselves in this overthrown soul, the desire for money, he wished to assure himself of such resources and tried to get possession of the crown treasure, and the frenzy of holding on to life—hence his cowardice, like that of Mazarin, little dissembled throughout the journey through Provence. The editor of these letters remarks this total abandonment of dignity in the presence of danger and to better assure personal preservation it is a trait characteristic of the Italian spirit of the Renaissance, which presents itself in the corroboration of the celebrated theory of M. Paine. This allusion to Cardinal Mazarin may not be understood. Never was a greater bully than this Italian in prosperity, never a greater poltroon in moments of personal peril."

Perhaps there is no better proof of the littleness of Buonaparte than his bitter hatred towards Count Waldbourg-Truchsess, the Prussian commissioner who saw him off to Elba, because it was that gentleman who in detail represented Napoleon's unaccountable cowardice during the journey down along the Rhoue.

Perhaps it is not generally known that when the Austrian Commissioner, Baron Kohler, took his leave of Buonaparte the latter embraced him, weeping with every demonstration of warm attachment. When, afterwards, Kohler was asked of what he was thinking thus enfolded in Buonaparte's arms, he replied : "*Judas Iscariot.*"

was a perfect reign of terror [without the guillotine]. To all the other police was added that of the aids-de-camp and generals who comprised the Guard of Napoleon. This police was the most dangerous of all for the persons in the court and the principal officers in the administration, because it was confided to men devoted to him, who misrepresented everything and envenomed everything, and presented as criminals all those who were not cowardly adorers of their idol. All this police scaffolding did not yet even satisfy Napoleon and some women and courtiers considered most respectable in society were his paid agents, and arrests were made and degradations effected without any possibility of discovering the cause. [It was said that even Josephine was in the pay of Fouche as a spy on her husband]. Thus, in the last years of his reign, the degradations became a title of glory to the sufferers, and nothing announces more clearly how little esteem was felt for the sovereign. Napoleon was very fond of gossipings. Many of his intimate agents kept him posted as regards the scandalous anecdotes in Paris and the Court, and it was from these impure sources that he derived the prejudices which influenced him against certain persons. [This must remind a reader posted in history, of the brutal littleness of Caligula, and there are stories of Buonaparte, divested of the cruelty and bloodshed, of the Roman Emperor, which would be by no means unworthy as regards the total want of delicacy of that successor to Tiberius ; which by the way goes far to explain why Buonaparte considered Tacitus was the worst historian of antiquity, because, perhaps, he had formed this opinion after the picture which this author had made of Tiberius]."

Chancellor Pasquier says, iii, 162: "There is no doubt but that the whole time that Buonaparte was at Elba he was engaged in perfecting his plans to return to France, but that his decrees, which were drawn up at Paris, were purposely antedated in order to give the impression that the government was in his hands as soon as he stood upon the soil of France. Others again, equally capable of judging, feel assured that while he was supposed to be writing his memoirs at Elba he was preparing his public papers to be issued after his seizure again of the reins. However, he was such a hypocrite and such a liar that the truth can never be ascertained." [The famous assertion of his regulating the Theatre Francaise from Moscow *is not true.* The French Archives reveal that Napoleon was in Poland when he received the decree *ready to be signed.* On the margin he wrote : "The decree should be forwarded from that town," i. e. Moscow. What a charletan ! confirming Castellane's record of his trickery at Moscow i, 161.]

"There seemed to be two minds in Buonaparte during 'the Hundred Days'—one clear, the other clouded. In many matters of the greatest importance he was the victim of self-delusion. An adept in deceit, he ended in deceiving himself. Nevertheless, he had moments of perfect recognition of the truth. When M. Mollien felicitated him upon the brilliant reception which he had met with all the way from Cannes to Paris, he replied : 'No illusions, my dear sir, they have allowed me to come back just as they let the others go away.' Fouche was a perfect prophet. Long before the event he said that Napoleon would come back and that his adventure would not last four months. Caulincourt, perhaps his truest friend, declared that the Emperor's enterprise was madness. Our most determined generals were themselves frightened at the outlook. Buonaparte himself when he sat down to reflect recognized that his throne was set upon a treacherous foundation built over quicksands. And yet this mightiest of mighty intellects, as his admirers unite

in chorus to declare, had learned nothing from the hardest experience and the illumination of events. 'This man has received correct ideas in no direction, and returns just as much of a despot as when he was driven out, just as desirous of making conquests, just the same madman in fact as when he was driven out.' The Rock of Bronze was never of that metal except when fortune lured and bore him in her arms. In adversity he was rather lead than iron, impressionable, ductile, often led by the nose by far inferior minds. Never has a man in such a public position been less understood, except by a very few analytical critics. He was great only in crimes against his fellowmen, and when a prisoner he displayed less dignity than the Zulu Cetewayo. Wellington had a very penetrating judgment when he said that Buonaparte was more afraid of his Marshals than his Marshals were of him. They often set him at defiance, and when in future years the glamor is dispelled it will found that throughout history there have been far greater organizers, administrators, than Buonaparte, and withal unselfish, patriotic and honest without one tithe of his despotic power. Everything about him was deception.* The son of one of his most prominent servitors, de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, said to Senior (i, 128): 'As a man of creative and administrative genius, I put him [Mahomet Ali] very high; indeed I am not sure that I do not put him higher than Napoleon himself, if we take into account their comparative advantages.'''

Charras, famous as a military critic and for his history of the Waterloo Campaign and opening phases of the campaign of 1813, considered that the "merits of the first part of the campaign of 1814, from the 10th of February to the 18th of February, were at least equalled by the blunders and irresolutions of the second part from the 27th of February to the 31st of March."

The merits of the first part were due to Buonaparte's one-man authority, which gave him the power of recklessly squandering all that gave force to his military machine and the demerits of the second part that his one-man authority had decreased in an even greater degree than the veteran leaven which had stimulated the ruthless conscriptions of 1813–1814. He himself said years before, "the bow was overstrained" and the bow, whose defects he already recognized, "turned aside," as the Scripture says, "like a *deceitful* bow," which simply meant that when pulled to the ear the string slipped off, because the bow itself had lost its elasticity or tension and, bent too far, allowing the string to slip out of the notches at either end.

The more the careful historical student examines Thiers, and the greater attention he devotes to the language used by that writer, extraordinary in his brilliancy and audacity, the more clear it will become that there are expressions and sentences and paragraphs and judgments, that absolutely neutralize all the praise that he lavishes upon that bad man before whose idol, in order to flatter his own vain countrymen, he, as a rule, burns so much mendacious incense. Prof. Jules Barni, in his "Napoleon et Son Historien M. Thiers," Geneva, (Switzerland,) 1865, demonstrates magnificently the perversions of "mendacious Thiers."

In Thiers' Book LII, referring to February, 1814, appears the following sentence, which marks (XVII, 144): "Undoubtedly the conquests that Napoleon had made from the Rhine to Vistula, from the Alps to the Straits of Messina, from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar, were not worth the blood they had cost, and, indeed, would not have been worth the life of one man."

Again, speaking of Buonaparte's letter to

*I, 189, Napoleon's sarcophagus of sandstone, as ugly as the rest of the tomb, which the Emperor Napoleon III believes to be porphyry. (Senior ii, 21; ii, 165).

Savory, "that Mameluke for all occasions," dated Reims, 14th March, 1814, he remarks: "In this document we *find only evidences of a* DREARY DESPOTISM."

Again, same month, when Buonaparte lays open the effects of that "dreary despotism" to Sebastiani, a Corsican like himself, "the General remained astounded, admiring his coolness and profundity of thought, and asking himself, *how genius so vast had not prevented the commission of errors so flagrant.*"

Such quotations might be multiplied, but one allusion cannot be passed over without calling attention to it. Buonaparte is always talking about "Victory or death." In these articles the courage of the professional soldier upon a field of battle has never been denied to Buonaparte. It was habit, which the sagacious Wellington had emphasized as far stronger than even natural character, and his, Buonaparte's belief in his star, which is Mahomedan fatalism, but when beyond the brilliancy of the lime-lights of the drama, in action, no human being was more careful of his personal safety than Buonaparte and the Buonapartes. Even his attempt at suicide at Fontainebleau is deemed apochraphal by different historians, (some say it was epilepsy, others catalepsy), and while he was continually urging cold-bloodedly, his most devoted adherents into the abyss, he took the best of care not to take the irretrievable step himself. The spirit of his exhortations breathed the idea, as in his proclamation before Waterloo, that NOW was the time TO DO OR DIE, but the moment that adversity called for some such supreme self-sacrifice, he made his escape. As again and again before indicated, that which his admirers styled the "Rock of Bronze," was in reality a mass of far more impressionable and ductile metal.

Macdonald, to whom has been conceded the honor of the utmost loyalty to the last, in his "Memoires," makes some most damaging revelations, and the falsity of the portraits, physical, mental and moral, of Buonaparte is on a par with the material of the sarchophagus in which his remains were placed under the Dome of the Invalides.

Napoleon III, who was a gentleman in his fidelity to his friends, and in that showed he was no Buonaparte any more than he had any blood of the race in his veins. He believed that he had obtained at an immense price, a sarchophagus of *porphyry*—for his presumed uncle—whereas mineralogy has revealed the fact—so Senior records—that it is simply a species of sandstone. The receptacle is as much a deception as was the Buonaparte who lies within it. Was he not what the German writers declared him to be, a *Popanz*.

Although, according to popular opinion, Thiers says nothing but what is eulogistic of Napoleon, people who flatter themselves they read if they would only read closely and if they would only read carefully between the lines, it would soon appear that even "mendacious Thiers" utters many opinions which amount to the severest condemnation of Buonaparte. In the English translation of his "History of the Consulate and Empire," Vol. 17, Book LIII, conclusion, he says (449): "This man, at that time [1803] so admirable, was, by the very fact of possessing absolute power, on the brink of an abyss." "Alas, he descended from this glorious eminence to listen to pamphleteers, and abandoned himself to bursts of passion as violent as unworthy of him."

This corroborates Chaptal as to his frenzied bursts of passion (450): "The prudent Consul had become suddenly a madman." This refers, among other freaks of insanity. to his murder of the Duke d'Enghien. Then Thiers goes on to enumerate his fatal mistakes (454). One was "making war with England interminable;" (462), an-

other the fatal Spanish war. (466), Then Thiers notes a single example "of the progress of meanness under despotic rule;" (467), he imputes his misfortunes to his "frenzied will;" (472), he cites as his first great fault his "insulting the Ambassador of Great Britain;" as his second great fault his pretensions to "obtaining universal empire," a madly acquisitive policy; (474), third the Russian Alliance in 1807, "a policy must either be false or a crime against Europe;" the fourth was his infamous conduct towards and in Spain; (475), his fifth great fault was his Invasion of Russia in 1812; (476), his sixth and last great fault "was his refusing the conditions of Prague, in 1813."

As to the Waterloo campaign let Thiers and all his confreres vapor as they will in his whole conduct during "The hundred days, he was more insane than he ever had been before, and so far from displaying any common sense, any true generalship, it was a series of more weaknesses (*defaillances* to use Michelet's word) shortcomings, absolute want of ordinary energetic sagacity and more hideous wanton sacrifices of hetacombs of brave men, making dice, as Byron styles it, of human bones, like the desperate ventures of a reckless gambler, than was ever displayed by any despotic military chief in the same number of days. That through physical influences he was no longer fifty in the hundred of his former brain powers, as Chaptal declares, is undoubtedly true, but that he possessed at any time the hundred Chaptal is willing to concede, justice and truth emphatically declare to be utterly erroneous. He was the most overestimated specimen of a creature of accident or fate who ever was able to accomplish so much evil that some good—not his intention, far from it—might be evolved or enjoyed the same opportunities of benefitting humanity. He was an Apolyon and an Abaddon in the guise of man.

Oh, Ate! Oh, Dice! Oh, Nemesis! Oh, ye Eumenides (Erinnys)! you never pursued any of your victims with more implacable retribution than you poured it with icy vehemence upon Napoleone di Buonaparte. No porphyry sarcophagus—by the way, it is said the porphyry is but a fraud—no Dome of the Invalides can compensate for the tortures of the fall from such a throne as you filled, for the loss of such a sceptre as you wielded. You will find your place with the Neros, the Borgias, the Attilas, "the Scourges of God," when the film falls from the eyes of historic judgment and you are weighed in the scales of Belshazzar and Amenti.

In conclusion, listen to the words of Erckmann-Chatrian: "Our unhappy country is cast down very low! When Napoleon took possession of France she was the most grand, the most free, the most powerful of the nations; all other peoples admired us and envied us! * * * To-day [after Waterloo] we are conquered, ruined, bled to exhaustion; the enemy holds our fortresses, he plants his foot upon our throat. * * * That which had never before been seen since France existed—the stranger master in our capital! This we have witnessed twice within two years! [Under Napoleon III again in 1871]. Behold what it costs to place a nation's liberty, its fortune, its honor, in the hands of an ambitious mortal."

To wind up there are two sentences pregnant with truth and food for reflection. One comprises the last words of Boudois in his "Napoleon and the Society of His Time," "*a people* [alluding particularly to the French servile submission to Buonaparte] *have simply the government which they merit.* The second is: "*There was nothing natural about Buonaparte but his selfishness.*" "No one can study," says Forsyth, "the character of Napoleon without being struck by one prevailing feature—his *intense*

selfishness," and "another feature," which must not be lost sight of, "*his habitual disregard of truth.*"*

This ends for the present these revelations of the true character of Napoleon. Notes in regard to others have been collected, which, if developed and digested, would fill a large volume. During the last fifteen months sorrows and sufferings have accumulated upon the writer, and during the preparation and comparison of the proofs of the last article, which appeared in the March number of the COLLEGE STUDENT, the writer was subjected to the most violent pains that assail the male portion of humanity, and for about two months held him captive to the debility and complications consequent on the difficulty itself, and the only remedies which brought temporary surcease of pain. The last article has been finished in intervals of convalescence, and if physical strength is not going to be restored literary labor must cease with the 76th birthday. This is greatly to be regretted, for it was the only real relief. Moreover, the connection with Franklin and Marshall College, its professors and students, for many years, through the COLLEGE STUDENT, has been a source of extreme pleasure, and if it ceases with this number the writer can only conclude with his best wishes for the prosperity of the institution and the happiness of its students, in fact, of all with whom he has been so pleasantly and profitably brought in contact.

* "He, Wellington, said he had several of the advantages possessed by Bonaparte, in regard to his freedom of action and power of risking, without being constantly called to account. Bonaparte was quite free from all inquiry, and that he himself was in fact very much so. *The other advantages which Bonaparte possessed, and of which he made so much use,*" Lord Wellington said, "*was his fult latitude of* LYING, *that, if so disposed,*" he said, "*he* [Wellington] *could not do.*" Page 227, *Larpent's Diary.*

ADDENDUM.

The following note, by some oversight, was omitted from the body of the pamphlet, and is here reproduced.

POWDER MAGAZINE.—Such was already the reputation of Chaptal as a chemist that in 1790 he was ordered to Paris by Robespierre to organize the famous Powder Magazine of Grenelle, as the majority of the fourteen armies organized by Carnot was paralyzed by a want of powder. Chaptal was held accountable upon his personal responsibility that within a month powder should be forthcoming, so that the campaign could open. It was a hard position wherein to be placed. It was powder or his head.

Grenelle was established with the ability to turn out daily eight milliers (80 cwt.?) of powder. The area within the walls was based upon that calculation. The buildings were located so far apart that if one caught fire, the nearest would not be endangered. The operations of themselves inspired no apprehension, but when the estimated maximum was reached of 80 cwt. a day the Committee of Public Safety, under the pressure of necessity, exacted an augmentation of double. Chaptal did his best to explain that the establishment was not calculated for that amount, but that everything was based upon the idea of turning out 80 cwt., and that in placing additional buildings between those that existed there would no longer be sufficient interspaces nor any guarantee against a general explosion. His observations were futile. He received his orders and had to obey. When he had reached the fabrication of 160 cwt. a day the committee ordered him to increase it to 320 cwt. He urged a repetition of his warnings without receiving the slightest attention on the part of his superiors. Thenceforward chaos reigned. There was no longer any order; there was insufficient supervision; accidents became inevitable. A thousand to 1,200 mechanics of all trades were mingled with 2,500 powder-makers. Vehicles loaded with materials of every kind circulated everywhere upon paved roads, upon which the workmen impelled wheelbarrows or rolled barrels full of powder. Every minute the mechanics were caught smoking their pipes. All this portended an inevitable catastrophe, which did occur, and it seemed a miracle that eight months elapsed before the cataclysm.

The explosion at Grenelle ignited 6,500 cwt. of powder in barrels in process of fabrication; 550 men perished and about an equal number died in the hospital. Two military detachments, together 50 men, simply disappeared; 60 horses were consumed; 100 mechanics. Of three large vehicles, each with five horses, one loaded with beams and two others with stones, not a trace remained. A heavy iron axletree, twisted into a spiral, was found in the centre of the Champ-de-Mars, to which some fragments of the nave of the wheels were still attached. Moreover, what was unsusceptible of explication was the total disappearance of all the men and animals without leaving the slightest trace. Walking over the whole area an hour after the explosion Chaptal could only find two or three human thighs or arms and not a vestige of a horse; 1,217 human beings altogether perished. Chaptal escaped the explosion because, for the first time in four months, he happened to be absent that day. He only saved *his* head because Robespierre opportunely lost *his* head, since Chaptal was accused of having been the cause of the catastrophe which he had so often predicted and had striven to avert.

The relative position of the Powder Magazine on the plain of Grenelle to the city of Paris and distance from the thickly settled portion is now difficult to determine. The locality known as Grenelle is now within the fortifications to the southwest of the city of the XVIII century, about three miles from the Louvre. It may not be generally known that when in 1814 the Allies had entered Paris it was charged against Napoleon that, in one of his frenzies of fury, he sent orders to the officer in charge to blow up the enormous quantities of powder stored there, which would have occasioned great loss of life and immense destruction of property. Whether this accusation is true or false it has been again and again asserted and denied, and the truth of it can never be decided, if lies are set off against truths; but such an act would not be inconsistent with his character, considering that had it not been for his marshals he would have led his army against Paris and distinctly held out to his troops the plunder of the capital as the reward of their success.

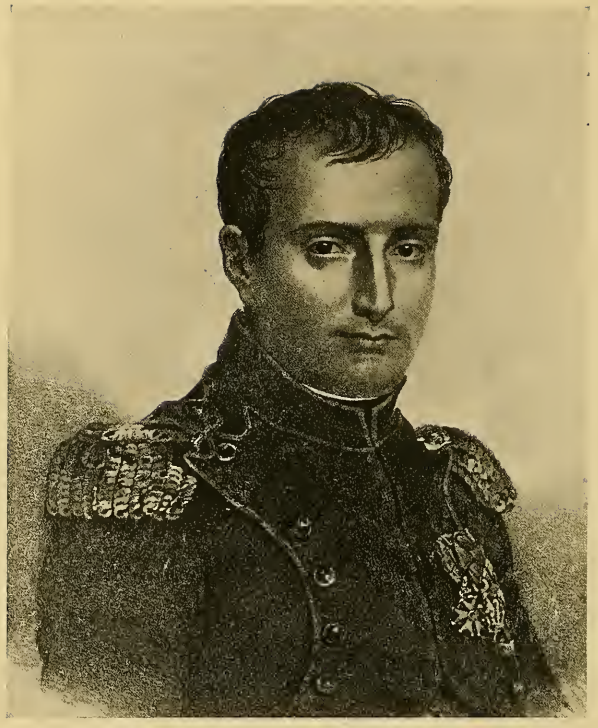
What follows seems incontrovertible proof that Buonaparte did send such an order:

"THE CAPITULATION OF PARIS."—"The marshals [Marmont and Mortier] had already agreed to surrender the capital, but the capitulation was not yet signed when Napoleon arrived at the village of Juvisy, at the distance of ten miles from Paris. * * On returning from Vitry he became at length convinced of the true direction of the Allies. * * At Dalancourt, on the Aube, he received a report of the passage of the Allies at Meaux, and that Marmont and Mortier despaired of being able to make head against them. In this extremity Napoleon had recourse to his father-in-law, [Francis I, Emperor of Austria, who was not with the other sovereigns at Paris,] and sent him a let-

ter, the contents of which have never been made public. At the same time he dispatched a General-aide-de-camp to Paris, with an order to hold out till his arrival, and with the lying assertion of his having entered into negotiations with Austria, and of the speedy conclusion of a separate peace with that power. Close after him he sent General Girardin to excite the troops and the inhabitants to prolong the defence, and *verbally ordered the Powder Magazine, on the plain of Grenelle, to be blown up. Had this murderous order* been carried into execution, the destruction of an incalculable number of the inhabitants must have been the consequence; but the officer in charge of the powder, Colonel LESCAUR, demanded a written order, which General Girardin had not to give him. At the present day, when the so-called 'YOUNG LITERATURE' *is accustomed to lavish eulogy on Napoleon, and to represent that scourge of humanity as a model of goodness, his panegyrists* affect to doubt the truth of this fact; yet at the time we are speaking of, IT WAS WELL KNOWN TO ALL PARIS, and the particulars were learned by many of us from Colonel LESCAUR himself, *who was rewarded by the Emperor Alexander with the Diamond Cross of the Order of St. Anne*, of the second class." Pages 377–378, "History of the Campaign in France in 1814," by General A. Mikhailofsky-Danilefsky, 8vo, London, 1839.

Napoleon Taking His Last Look at France, from the Deck of the Bellerophon, in 1815.

All the figures are said to be accurate likenesses. The original engravings, by J. C. Armytage, were from a famous picture painted at the time by a contemporary English artist, W. C. Orchardson, N. A.



After a Photograph, from David's Portrait in the Gallery at Versailles;
considered best likeness of

NAPOLEONE DI BUONAPARTE.

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